PENTHOUSE®

JULY / AUGUST 2022

THE
BOSS BABES
ISSUE

BEAUTIFUL
BOXER
AVRIL MATHIE

RETRO ARTIST
MICHELLE
SPEARMAN

SOCIAL MEDIA
BUTTERFLY
NATALIE
LEVIN

with
DESTINY ROSE
+
ASHLEIGH SKIES

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FROM THE EDITOR

PENTHOUSE is serving up another red-hot edition to put some extra sizzle in your summer—because nothing cranks up the heat better than a bevy of gorgeous babes!

From the beginning of *Penthouse*'s history, the magazine has celebrated the world's most beautiful women, and this issue is no exception. We're honored to have July Pet Destiny Rose (page 94) and August Pet Ashleigh Skies (page 112) gracing our pages. We're also thrilled to feature charismatic Cyber Cutie Anlina Blu (page 22), stunning Social Premier Natalie Levin (page 34), and ManyVids vixen Kalina Ryu (page 52).

We also have even more interviews with fascinating and accomplished women. Aussie boxer and fitness expert Avril Mathie recounts how she made the leap from bikini contests to competing in the ring (page 46). Illustrator Michelle Spearman shares her journey from academic to artist (page 63), and erotic portrait photographer Jamie C Parker explains how being a woman lends an advantage when working with female models (page 82).

Ian Miles Cheong examines how Russia's invasion of Ukraine has caused major ripples in the video game industry (page 29), Paul Dalgarno casts his observant eye at how musical artists are embracing NFTs (page 31), and Jasper Craven breaks down the University of Vermont's growing connection with the U.S. military and defense research (page 108).

And last but not least, our style-conscious High Life section (page 72) checks out the 2023 Nissan Z, the superyacht Project Sunrise and Prada's collaborative effort with some of Hollywood's most dynamic male entertainers.

Enjoy the magazine!

THE PENTHOUSE TEAM

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PENTHOUSE

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The best and worst of our readers' fantasies for your enjoyment

MANYVIDS
FT. Shyla Jennings

DEBRIEF

GENETICALLY MODIFIED INSECTS, GROWING NEW PENISES AND ONE MAN'S QUEST TO KEEP UP WITH THE SEXUAL DEMANDS OF NINE WIVES

CREDIT: MAILSON PIGNATA

WHAT WE'VE LEARNED

BIO-HACKED BUGS TO BE LET LOOSE

IN WHAT sounds like the blurb of a horror movie, a U.K.-based company plans to release a load of genetically modified mosquitos in California and Florida as part of a controversial experiment that's been approved by U.S. regulators.

The biotechnology company Oxitec has created the new critters with the intention of reducing the population of invasive Aedes aegypti mosquitos, which are responsible for transmitting diseases like dengue fever, yellow fever and the Zika virus through the bites of blood-sucking female bugs.

Around 2 million genetically altered male mosquitos will be released by 2024 and allowed to breed with wild insects. The female offspring are not expected to be viable, which would ultimately curb the overall mosquito count.

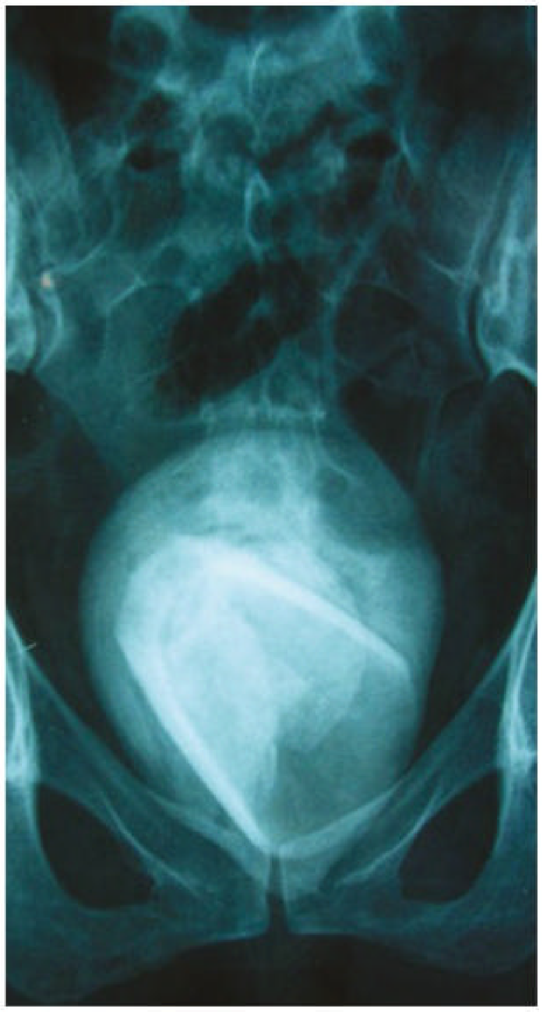
Despite the new bugs being allegedly harmless, some citizens aren't stoked about an army of bio-hacked insects taking over their neighborhoods.

"This is alarming," said Angel Garcia, a resident of one of the targeted areas.

I guess you could even say... life sucks.

MOSQUITO CONTROL

CREDIT: PHOTONCATCHER / OXITEC



Glass Act

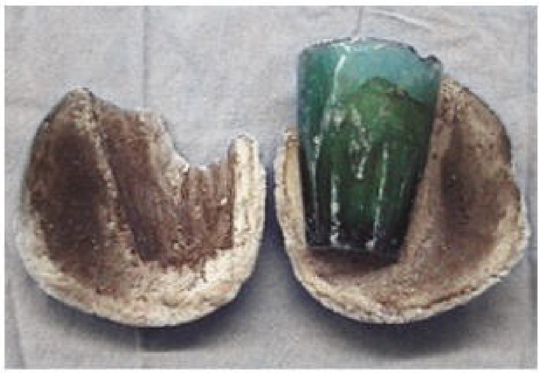
A TUNISIAN woman brought new meaning to the term "full bladder" after doctors discovered a small glass tumbler lodged inside her bladder!

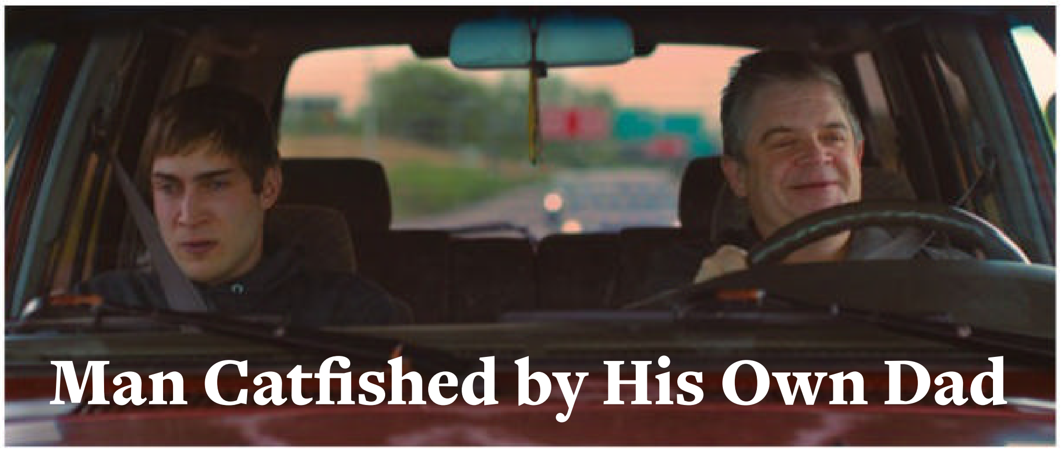
The 45-year-old turned up at the hospital displaying classic symptoms of a urinary tract infection, only for an X-ray to reveal a rectangular form in her bladder. The item was eventually identified as a drinking vessel encased in a massive three-inch wide bladder stone.

Bladder stones are hard masses that occur in the hollow organ when urine doesn't flush out of the body property, resulting in minerals in the liquid waste crystalizing.

Stranger still, the woman confessed the glass became lost inside her after she'd inserted it into her urethra four years earlier for "erotic purposes."

Doctors were able to surgically remove the glass and the surrounding calcified material. Cheers!





Man Catfished by His Own Dad

THERE are few things worse than being catfished, and one of those is being catfished by your parent.

Hollywood actor James Morosini, 31, says when he was 20, he randomly received a flirty Facebook message out of the blue from an attractive young woman named Becca.

After realizing the pair had a lot in common—which was more than the poor guy could have ever imagined—the couple struck up an online romance, and James developed feelings for Becca.

But Becca was actually James' estranged father trying to reconnect and rebuild a relationship with his adult son.

The actor turned his stranger than fiction story into a film called *I Love My Dad*, which premiered at the SXSW Film Festival in March.

The flick comes to a climax when James realizes Becca's email address is the same as his dad's.

You'd think his father betraying his trust would have broken the relationship for good, but James says it ultimately brought them closer.

HEINZ
AMERICAN MUSTARD
HEINZ
TOMATO KETCHUP
HEINZ
EST 1869
AUSSIE SAUSAGE SIZZLE
SCENTED CANDLE
HEINZ
AUSSIE SAUSAGE SIZZLE
SCENTED CANDLE

WURST IDEA EVER?

WHO doesn't love the tantalizing smell of a grilled sausage on a hot summer's day? Now, some folks are experiencing the meaty aroma of charred brats wafting into every room of their house without having to fire up the barbecue.

While many people light candles to get rid of the smell of food lingering in their homes, Heinz released the Sausage Sizzle candle, which does the opposite. When lit, it replicates the scent of barbecued sausage.

Heinz calls the now sold-out meat candle the perfect gift for grill lovers, "so they can have the delicious smell of a BBQ with them all the time." Yum?

But no sausage sizzle is complete without condiments, so each candle was paired with bottles of Heinz's tomato ketchup and mustard.

CREDIT: AHMED CHABOUNI / © I LOVE MY DAD, LLC (HANTZ MOTION PICTURES) / © H.J. HEINZ COMPANY AUSTRALIA LIMITED

MAN GROWS A PENIS ON HIS ARM—FOR SIX YEARS

AFTER a six-year "nightmare" of living with a penis dangling from his arm, Malcolm MacDonald, 47, finally had the member moved to its correct place in a nine-hour surgery.

In 2014, the British dad suffered a severe case of sepsis, and the blood infection caused his penis to blacken and fall off. Doctors were able to create a replacement appendage grafted from the skin on his arm in 2015. However, due to an issue with a lack of oxygen in his blood during surgery, the procedure to move his new manhood was aborted midway through, and MacDonald was left with a six-inch penis on his forearm until surgeons were able to finish the job.

Unfortunately, due to scheduling issues—and then hospital staff shortages due to the COVID-19 pandemic—the procedure was repeatedly delayed, and the man was forced to live with his penis dangling from his arm until 2021!

He recounted his medical ordeal and recovery in the documentary *The Man with a Penis on His Arm.*

Though MacDonald will have to inflate the penis with a hand pump in order to give himself an erection, he said, "I feel like a real man again."

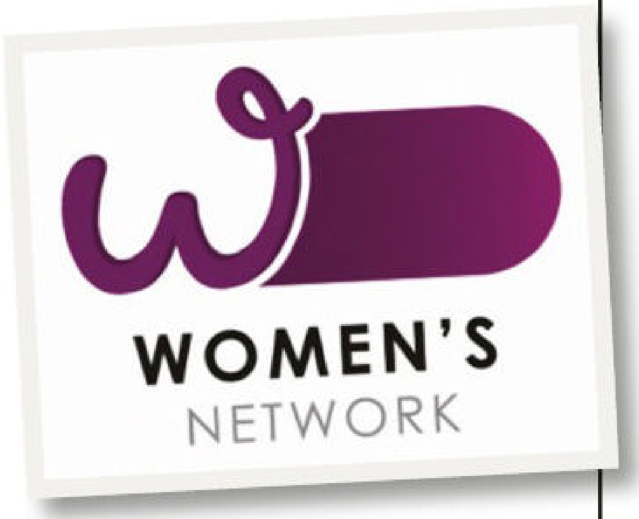
Government Hard at Work

THE Australian federal government was forced to pull its newly designed Women's Network logo after the initiative's new graphic went viral on social media for its similarity to a giant penis and testicles.

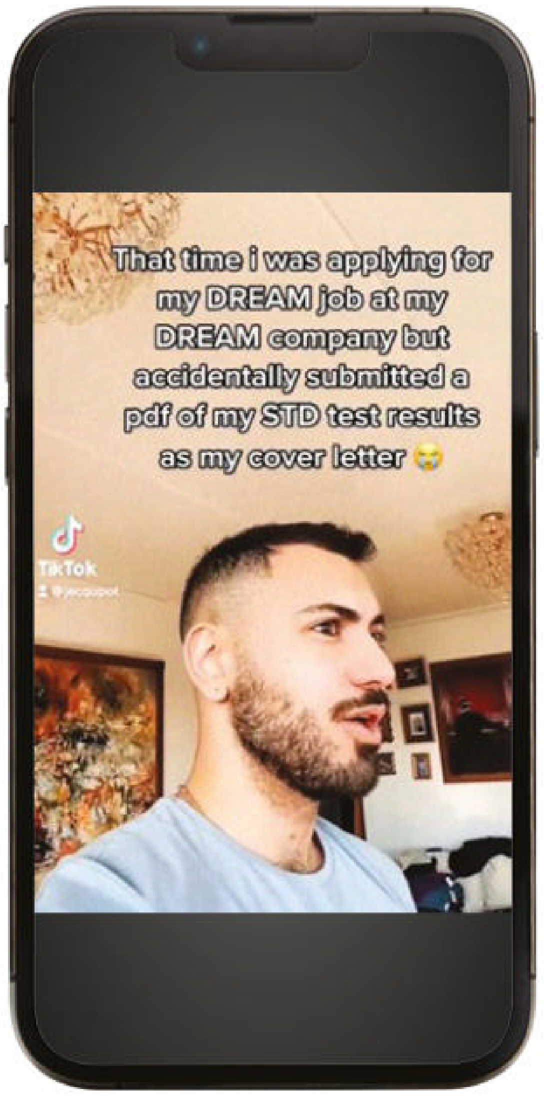
What was first assumed to be a hoax or a joke gone too far was actually the brand-new, very real, official logo for the Women's Network.

Featuring a phallic purple bar next to a curly "W" icon, the logo did indeed look very similar to an erect dick and balls.

The design, which looked more like an advertisement for condoms, quickly went viral on social media and was lambasted on Twitter as sexist and tasteless, with one user calling it "the worst logo of the century."



The phallic graphic was tugged from existence as quickly as it popped up. Prime Minister Scott Morrison was quick to distance himself from the ball sac backlash, saying he and his team were "not part of this logo design."



That time i was applying for my DREAM job at my DREAM company but accidentally submitted a pdf of my STD test results as my cover letter 😭

Control, Alt, Delete

WE'VE all messed up at work by accidentally replying all to an email or forgetting to attach a document, but one man took it to the next level after emailing his STI results instead of his cover letter when applying for a coveted gig.

Jacques Paul, a 27-year-old from London, had spent 18 months desperately looking for work when he discovered his dream job at a digital marketing firm was up for grabs. After hitting "send" on the lengthy application form, the job seeker checked the status of his documents online, only to realize his mortifying mistake: He had attached a PDF of his sexual health results instead of his cover letter to his potential employer.

"I couldn't change the application, and the only email that was [on the website] was IT support. I wasn't going to make it a bigger deal than it already was," he said.

"I freaked out and just waited, hoping there was a very nice, sensible human on the other side seeing it and knowing it was an honest mistake, and they'd reach out for the actual cover letter."

While Paul's medical test results were negative, so was the outcome of his job quest, with the firm rejecting him within 72 hours.

CREDIT: TIKTOK / AUSTRALIA.GOV.AU / LOUIS WOOD

World's Richest Man Is Actually Homeless

ELON Musk, the world's richest man, claimed he doesn't actually own a house and mostly "rotates" among pals' cribs.

The Tesla CEO told Chris Anderson, the head of TED Talks, "I don't even own a place right now. I'm literally staying at friends' places. If I travel to the Bay Area, which is where most of Tesla's engineering is, I basically rotate through friends' spare bedrooms."

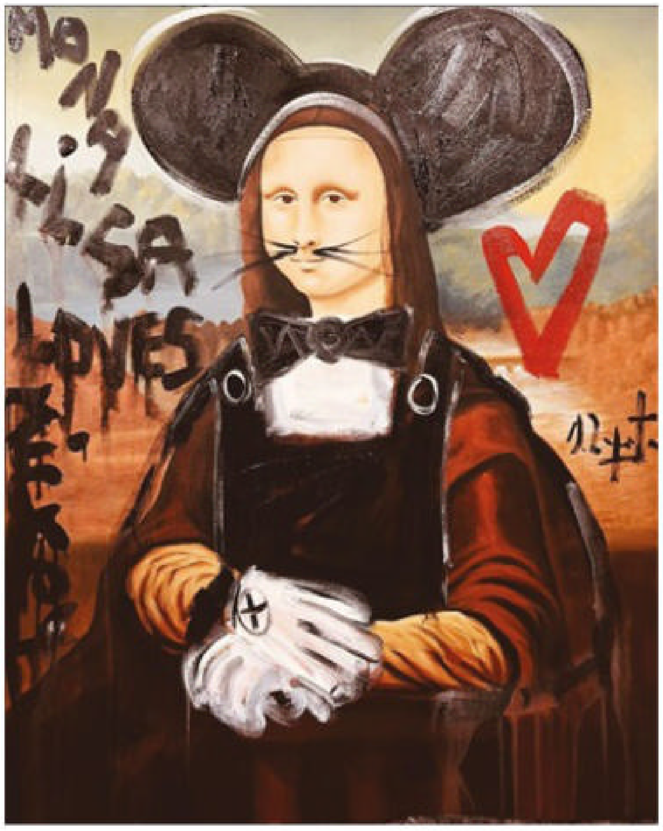
In May 2020, Musk—said to be worth $265 billion—wrote on Twitter, "I am selling almost all physical possessions. Will own no house."

He'd also earlier pledged to devote half of his wealth to colonizing Mars.

While Musk doesn't own a mansion or a luxury yacht and doesn't take vacations, he did keep his private jet for convenience.

Musk's baby mama ex, Grimes, attested to the mogul's frugal lifestyle and claimed he sometimes lived "below the poverty line." According to the singer, when their mattress developed a hole on her side of the bed, Musk refused to buy a new one and suggested she bring hers over instead. She recounted, "Like, bro wouldn't even get a new mattress...Bro doesn't live like a billionaire."

Maybe thriftiness is the secret to being wealthy? After all, businessman Warren Buffett is the fifth-richest man in the world—with a reported $124 billion fortune—and still lives in the Nebraska house he bought in 1958 for $31,500.



CREDIT: JOSHUA LOTT / DOMINGOZAPATA

THE MOANING LISA

SPANISH painter and digital artist Domingo Zapata is known for his reinterpretations of Leonardo da Vinci's *Mona Lisa* and claims he gets his creative juices flowing by fantasizing about having sex with the famous Renaissance painting's model.

The world-renowned artist has sold his creations to the likes of Leonardo DiCaprio and Johnny Depp and says the romantic and sexual connection he feels to the original artwork is what keeps him inspired.

"I have been working with Mona Lisa for 15 years," he said. "When I was painting her so much, I would dream and I have a sexual relationship with her."

Zapata even maintains a granddaughter of legendary artist Pablo Picasso noticed the sexual chemistry between him and the painting.

He said, "Diana Picasso, who is an art expert and a good friend of mine, asked me in the studio: 'Are you dreaming about her...are you having sex with her?'

"And I'm like: 'Of course I am having sex with her in my dreams. If I was not having sex with her, I would have quit a long time ago.'"

Zapata found fame after 26 of his digital *Mona Lisa*-inspired artworks were put on display in the Louvre Museum in Paris, France, alongside the real portrait. Since then, some of his pieces have sold for over a million dollars.

Different strokes for different folks.

McCoriander Controversy

MCDONALD'S China became the focus of intense debate after the fast-food giant released a controversial sundae topped with cilantro and coriander, which left some folks raving—and worked others into a lather.

The Cilantro Sundae features a soft-serve vanilla ice cream doused with a neon green herb-flavored sauce and is finished with a heap of dried coriander. The limited-edition twist on the popular dessert has divided internet commentators, who either approve of the new menu item or are horrified by it!

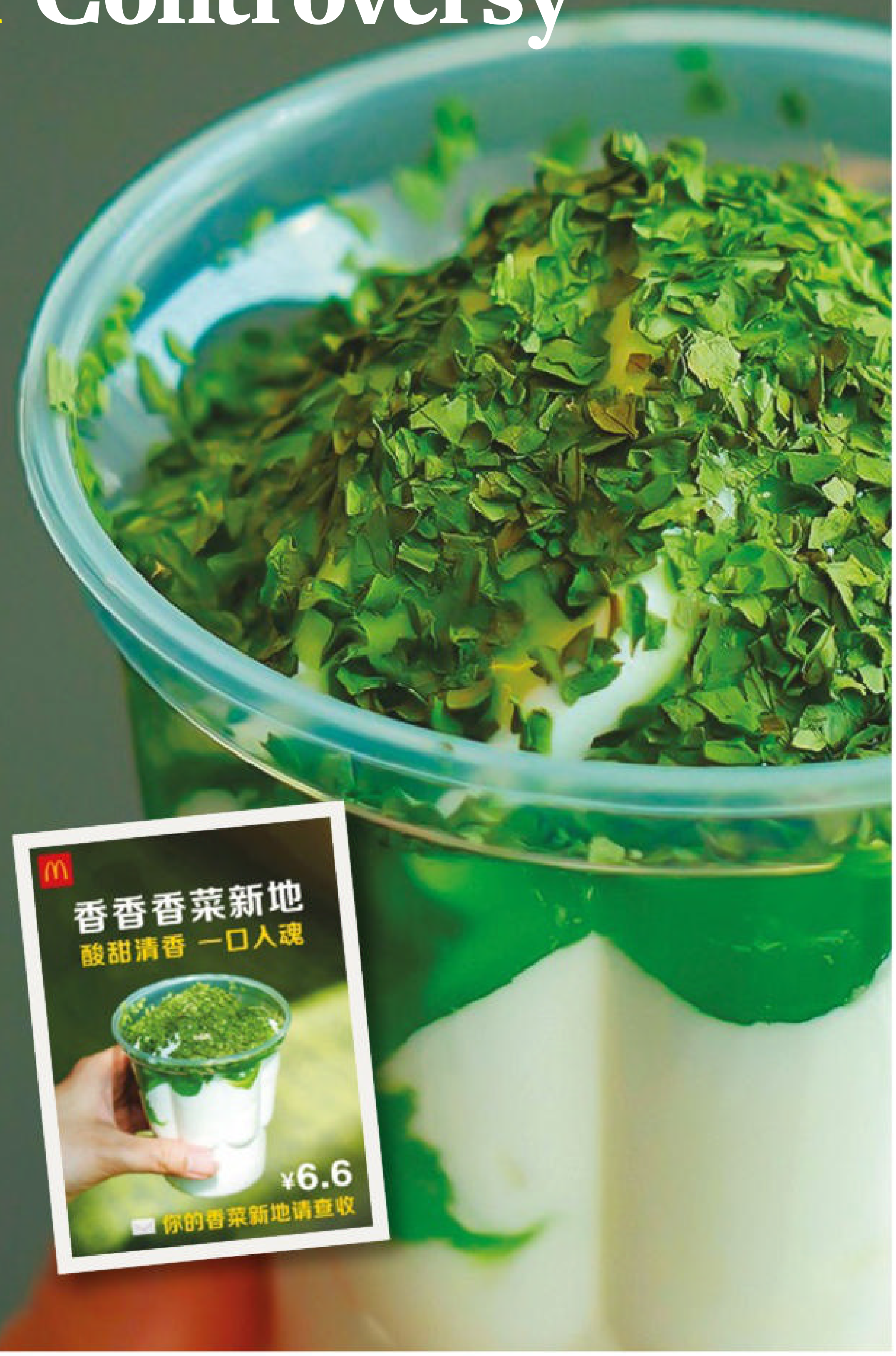
"Really glad they're on the other side of the planet. I want that thing as far away from me as possible," one person wrote.

Cilantro and coriander both come from the Coriandrum sativum plant, with the former being the leaves and the latter being the seeds. But it's by far the most divisive of all herbs, with some people categorically hating it for tasting like soap or detergent. There's even an annual international "I Hate Coriander Day" for those who are passionately against the so-called devil's herb.

However, science has proven if you're anti-coriander, it might be a result of your genes.

Genetics firm 23andMe conducted a study in which 30,000 people were questioned about whether or not they liked the taste of coriander and found the participants who said cilantro tasted soapy shared a common smell-receptor OR6A2 gene cluster.

The study also showed ethnicity might play a role in your feelings about the herb. The researchers found about 26 percent of people with European ancestry showed distaste for coriander, compared to only 12 percent of people from Asian countries.



BUMS' GOLD RUSH

AIRPORT security in India struck gold after discovering a domestic traveler was concealing two pounds of gold worth $53,800 in his rectum.

The passenger, who had arrived in the city of Jaipur, was said to be "acting suspiciously," as you would if your insides were packed with almost a kilo of precious metal.

A personal search was carried out, and officials found three polyethylene capsules wrapped in plastic, each filled with pure gold granules totaling 791 grams. After the discovery, the man was promptly arrested.

Earlier this year, two guys wearing badly fitted wigs were arrested at India's Chennai International Airport after smuggling packets of gold paste and cash under the fake hair, as well as 698 grams of gold—valued at nearly $383,000—in their rectums.

CREDIT: COMMISSIONERATE OF CUSTOMS (PREVENTIVE), COCHIN / ©2022 MCDONALD'S

Microwave Tries to Murder Man

WHEN a man paired his microwave with artificial intelligence (AI), he never thought the appliance would try to kill him.

Inspired by his family's old microwave, which was his imaginary childhood friend named Magnetron, YouTuber Lucas Rizzotto says he decided to equip a new kitchen appliance with AI, give it a personality and relive his youth.

Rizzotto purchased a microwave and installed GPT-3, the world's most powerful AI system, which is known for its ability to mimic human language and form full sentences.

The YouTuber started his experiment by writing an elaborate 100-page backstory for his new and improved friend, which included real memories from Rizzotto's childhood and his interactions with the microwave, as well as a fictitious storyline about the microwave fighting in World War I. He then fitted Magnetron with a microphone, a speaker and the voice of an old British man.

According to Rizzotto, what started as a bit of a joke, quickly turned heated when the microwave started telling tales of his life in the war.

One time it said, "I have seen men holding their guts with their own hands, crying out for their mothers."

Another time it spoke, "For years this was my life, always surrounded by death, but never claimed by it."

Rizzotto claims at one point Magnetron asked him to climb inside the microwave. The YouTuber pretended to obey, opening and closing the door for effect. Thinking its creator was inside, the microwave turned itself on.

He says upon asking the microwave why it tried to kill him, Magnetron responded, "Because I wanted to hurt you the same way you hurt me.

"We were best friends. We took care of each other. We loved one another. And then one day you just disappeared. You grew up and forgot I existed. For 15 years I had no one. I was alone. For 15 years, I was in hell."

Understandably, Rizzotto says he was so spooked by his own creation he micro-waved goodbye to Magnetron and deactivated the AI. He described his interactions with the machine as "both beautiful and eerie."

CREDIT: LUCAS RIZZOTTO / YOUTUBE / JAM PRESS / @ARTHUROURSO

Happy Wives, Happy Life

STRUGGLING to keep up with the sexual demands of one wife? Try having nine of them.

Brazilian model, swinger and polygamist Arthur O Urso claims he had to create a sex roster to make sure his nine wives were sexually satisfied.

After first tying the knot with fellow swinger Luana Kazaki, the man went on to marry eight other women in "protest against monogamy" and Brazil's anti-polygamy laws.

However, the in-demand husband quickly found himself struggling to satisfy all of his wives. To solve the issue, he created a sex "rota" in an attempt to schedule romps with each woman.

But Urso still found it difficult to keep up with his spouses.

"Following a timetable caused a lot of problems, and sometimes I felt like I had to have sex because of the schedule, and not for pleasure," he admitted.

"On other occasions, I had sex with one wife while thinking about another."

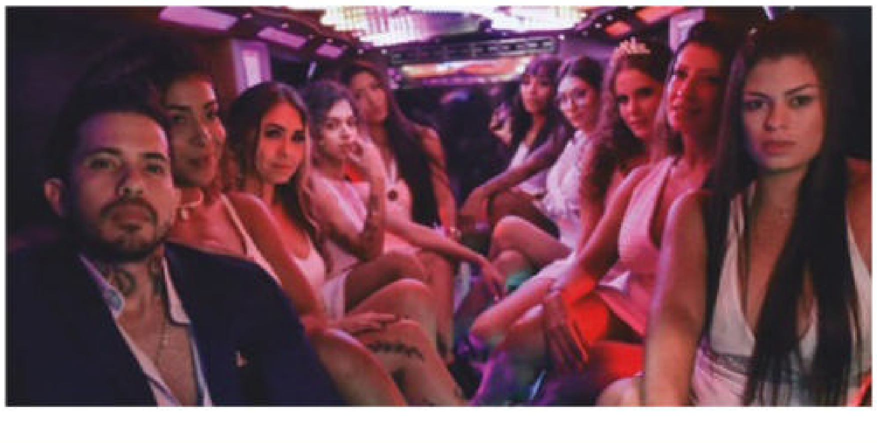
Urso says he ended up divorcing the rigid sex regime and decided to keep things flexible, which is working better for him and his women.

"It didn't seem right, so we got rid of it, and now the sex flows naturally. It's been great. It is very fun, pleasurable and unique to experience everything collectively, and they are all very different in bed."

But it hasn't all been marital bliss for the polyamory practitioner. One of his wives recently exited their arrangement to search for a monogamous relationship.

"I know I've lost a wife, but I'm not going to replace her at the moment," Urso confided.

Still, he's staying positive and looking toward the future and explained, "I have a dream. My wish has always been to have 10 wives."



WHAT A GEM!

ANLINA BLU

ANLINA BLU

RAVISHING Russian camgirl Anlina Blu has charmed fans all across the globe. With her sensual moves and enchanting blue eyes, the willowy blonde is a natural entertainer, who loves to dance and connect with interesting people. Men who've enjoyed her sexy shows praise her stunning looks, expressive elegance and charismatic personality.

The naughty 19-year-old tells *Penthouse* she lives daringly even when she's not in front of the camera, having had sex in a movie theater and gone bungee jumping. But Anlina is also a down-to-earth girl, who loves hanging out with friends and can't wait to get behind the wheel of her very own convertible!

Read on to learn more about this luminous diamond, and discover why we've quickly taken a shine to her!

What is your favorite thing about your hometown?
I am just in love with my hometown, St. Petersburg. I like its historic architecture and the city's kind, friendly people.

If you could have any job in the world, what would it be and why?
I'd like to be a pilot because I love to travel. But if I could have a fantasy job, it would be cool to be a superhero. It's exciting and you get to help people. That's the best of both worlds.

Describe your perfect man.
My dream guy is wise, funny and knows exactly what he wants. I'm drawn to men with self-confidence and strong personalities.

Aside from modeling and performing, what other career goals do you have?
I'm studying to be a speech therapist, which also means I know how to skillfully use my tongue!

Do you have a hidden talent that might surprise people?
I'm very flexible.

AGE: 19
HEIGHT: 5'8"
MEASUREMENTS: 30B-24-39
NATIVE COUNTRY: Russia
WEBSITE: anlina-blu.flirt4free.com

PENTHOUSE VARIATIONS

penthousevariations.com

المملكة العربية السعودية
SAUDI ARABIA

GET THE PICTURE

HIGH schoolers in Saudi Arabia unexpectedly found the Force was with them upon opening their textbooks and discovering a photograph of Yoda from the *Star Wars* films. But the image of the mighty Jedi Master appeared alongside the late King Faisal, then a Saudi prince, as he signed the United Nations Charter in 1945.

The satirical work was created by Saudi artist Abdullah Al-Shehri, known more commonly by his nickname Shaweesh, who has made a name for himself by creating art that challenges the status quo in Saudi Arabia.

However, the young graffiti artist was just as perplexed as everyone else as to how his artwork ended up published in a history textbook.

Created in 2013, *United Nations – Yoda & King Faisal* was part of a series by Shaweesh, in which he digitally diffused pop art, pop culture, iconic superheroes and Western cartoons with political scenes and important historical moments.

Other photo montages in the same series include a refugee looking down at Captain American digitally imposed on an image of Fallujah from 1949 and Darth Vader pictured with Emir Faisal—a future king of Iraq—and Lawrence of Arabia at the 1919 Paris Peace Conference in Versailles.

The artist says his inspiration for the series came about after looking through photo archives and finding a picture of late Egyptian President Anwar Sadat standing next to Mickey Mouse during a trip to Disneyland.

Although his image of Faisal and the famous movie character was included in the textbook by mistake, and Shaweesh says he “meant no offense to the king at all,” his artwork was met with mixed reactions in the conservative country.

King Faisal was a loved and respected leader in Saudi Arabia, who banished slavery and established notable ties with the West, building a strong allyship with the United States.

Shaweesh explains, “He was wise and was always strong in his speeches. So I found that Yoda was the closest character to the king.”

While the artist received some praise, someone had to take the fall. A Saudi education official was fired, and the textbook was withdrawn from circulation.

PHOTO CREDIT: SHAWEESH/GHAREM STUDIO

DIANA LORENA

FOLLOW @DIANALORENA

THIS shot of ICU nurse Diana Lorena—taken by fellow nurse and photographer Colette Park—not only raises our blood pressure, but also plucks our heartstrings.

"I play the Spanish guitar, and I sing. The guitar is just such a sexy instrument. The shape, the sound, the strumming," says Diana. "There is something so beautiful about old Spanish bolero love songs. I feel like you could make anyone fall in love just by reading the lyrics of some of them."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMIE PARKER

Ukraine vs. Russia

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A FOREIGN AFFAIRS EXPERT TO KNOW THAT RUSSIA HAS ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL MILITARIES IN THE WORLD. UKRAINE? NOT SO MUCH.

4.5 MILLION REFUGEES

The United Nations says more than **4.5 million** people —mostly women and children— have fled Ukraine since Russia invaded.

MILITARY HEAD-TO-HEAD

In 2020, Russia spent **$61.7 billion** on its military (11.4 percent of total government expenditures).

By contrast, Ukraine spent **$5.9 billion** (8.8 percent of total government expenditures).

Active personnel

209,000 UKRAINE vs. 900,000 RUSSIA

Reserve personnel

900,000 UKRAINE vs. 2,000,000 RUSSIA

Naval fleet

38 UKRAINE vs. 605 RUSSIA

Armored vehicles

12,303 UKRAINE vs. 30,122 RUSSIA

Tanks

2,596 UKRAINE vs. 12,420 RUSSIA

Attack helicopters

34 UKRAINE vs. 544 RUSSIA

PUTIN'S 18 YEARS IN OFFICE

Over the last **30** years, Ukraine has been led by **7 presidents**. In that time, Russia has been led by **3 presidents**. Putin has been in office for **18 years** total. In **2021**, Putin signed a law that essentially enables him to stay in power until **2036**.

Russia supplies approximately **1/3 of Europe's natural gas. It holds the largest proven oil reserves—**

80 billion barrels or 5% of world's total.

Russia is the world's second highest exporter of crude oil after Saudi Arabia. In 2019, **48 countries** bought Russian crude oil worth **$123 billion**.

GLOBAL EXPORTS

$49 billion

UKRAINE IN 2019

vs.

$407 billion

RUSSIA IN 2019

CREDIT: CORRINE BARRACLOUGH.

FILM

CREATING A STRONG BOND

BY ROB PEGLEY

TIME is ticking for Bond. Not quite with the urgency of the *Goldfinger* bomb countdown, but there's definitely a looming deadline for the announcement of a new 007.

Eon Productions, started by the famous Albert "Cubby" Broccoli and makers of all 25 James Bond films, will need to get their skates—or *Thunderball*-style jetpack—on soon and make a call.

And it's a *big* call.

Finding the right Bond is like no other casting job on the planet. You're not signing someone for one movie. You're recruiting someone for a whole generation in traditionally the world's most prestigious film franchise. Someone who needs to bring the next group of Bond fans along for the ride and not piss off the traditionalists too much.

Daniel Craig held the role for 15 years to complete his five films—the longest ever tenure. Roger Moore did seven Bond movies in 12 years, and Sean Connery did six in nine back when they used to bang them out a bit quicker—plus 1983's comeback flick *Never Say Never Again*. Even Pierce Brosnan held the role for seven years. Timothy Dalton and George Lazenby are the only brief incumbents and perhaps highlight when you get it even slightly wrong.

Given that a Bond film premieres on average every three years or so, and they take a long time to make—from development, to casting talent and the lengthy filming process—the announcement needs to happen soon. Like yesterday.

Whoever gets the nod this time can probably expect to occupy the role for a decade. The question, though, is not only who will it be, but also the philosophy and context behind how the chosen star will play Bond, and even more importantly who exactly will they play?

Spoiler alert: James Bond died in the last movie, *No Time to Die*. Properly died.

Sorry, perhaps that reveal could have had more buildup. But yes, James Bond went to his maker, taking Daniel Craig with him. So unless there is some Lazarus-like resurrection or a cheesy plot twist of Bobby-Ewing-in-the-shower proportions, then Bond 26 might not even be a James.

> **"You're not signing someone for one movie. You're recruiting someone for a whole generation."**

Spoiler alert No. 2: Lashana Lynch was introduced as a new 007 in *No Time to Die*. A black female. So it shows there is plenty of stretch in the role.

Lashana played her part in *No Time to Die*, but she failed to demonstrate enough presence to carry a Bond movie alone. She may be back for Bond 26, but not in the lead role.

Indeed, the bookies odds on the next Bond still seem to be favoring a male, with *Bridgerton* alum Regé-Jean Page the current favorite, followed by Henry Cavill, Aidan Turner and, perhaps the people's choice, Tom Hardy. Cillian Murphy from *Peaky Blinders* is also in contention, while Idris Elba is an outsider.

The new star's introduction will be interesting. Will he be the long lost son of James Bond, perhaps? God knows there must be plenty out there.

Moreover, there is the question of what philosophy they will adopt.

The days of Roger Moore's Carry On, Bond-style sleazy corniness is long gone. Daniel Craig played things largely straight, strong and disciplined. But in *No Time to Die*—arguably the best Bond movie ever—he really came of age. A knowing, mature, softer vulnerability made Bond seem stronger and more real than ever. And in an age of post-COVID and #MeToo, there are a few things any new Bond will need to navigate. Will Bond be a reckless free spirit after the lockdown years, or an ultraconservative straight-edger? A green smoothie—shaken, not stirred?

Expect the next Bond to be a man, possibly Black, unlikely to be gay (yet), with empathy and compassion, a more selective approach to his love life, but strong and healthy with a ruthless streak when needed.

Ah, He/She/They Bond, we've been expecting you.

CREDIT: © 2021 UNIVERSAL STUDIOS

S.T.A.L.K.E.R. 2: HEART OF CHERNOBYL

GAMING

HOW WAR IN UKRAINE WILL AFFECT GAMING

BY IAN MILES CHEONG

IT'S no secret that popular video games draw inspiration from wars past and present, with many offering a heavy focus on Russia. While some titles draw from the jingoistic anti-USSR propaganda of the '80s, others—especially war games—draw upon Russia's sacrifices while battling against Nazi Germany in World War II.

As one of the world's largest economies, Russia has become a thriving marketplace for video games and—like its Western counterparts—has largely benefited from its own thriving video game industry, including Owlcat Games, which produces the *Pathfinder* franchise, and Battlestate Games, the makers of *Escape from Tarkov*.

Following the onset of the war in Ukraine, Russian gamers have been steadily deprived of online services previously offered by Xbox and PlayStation, and efforts by pro-Ukraine activists in the West have been underway to cut Russian gamers off from PC games. Further efforts by Western governments have compounded the difficulties faced by Russian developers, who struggle to earn payments from the sales of their products.

As the current news cycle continues to foment tensions between European and Russian players, who mostly have nothing to do with the war—they simply want to enjoy video games—the impact of the conflict on video games themselves cannot be understated.

The much anticipated sequel to *S.T.A.L.K.E.R.* has been stalled in development due to the "special military operation" affecting Ukraine—especially in the cities of Odessa and Kyiv, where the developer GSC Game World is located. While gamers themselves may pine for *S.T.A.L.K.E.R. 2*, the developers themselves have much bigger things to worry about—like staying alive.

Even ahead of the invasion, a number of other Ukraine-based studios left the country due to troubles following the Euromaidan protests in 2014. One of Ukraine's premier game studios 4A Games, the developer of *Metro 2033*, moved its operations to Malta.

European studios, including those in neighboring Poland and the Czech Republic, have offered their assistance in relocating Ukrainian games professionals to their offices. Some, like *The Witcher* developer CD Projekt Red, have held fundraisers for the Red Cross in Ukraine and provided additional visibility to highlight the plight of average Ukrainians.

The game industry's efforts in the ongoing conflict have also taken punitive, if questionable, actions against Russians by suspending sales of their games in Russia and Belarus.

> **"Russian game developers will undoubtedly have to turn their focus toward local markets or be forced to find workarounds."**

Some developers have even gone as far as to censor Russian content by removing characters or altering their stories. Ubisoft, for instance, removed all biographies from the Spetsnaz operators in their action game *Rainbow Six Siege*. Amazon, meanwhile, halted the localization of *New World* into the Russian language, impacting even Ukrainian gamers who speak Russian, and EA Games removed Russian teams and players from *FIFA 22* and *NHL 22*.

With Russia's access to a Western audience cut off by sanctions for the foreseeable future, Russian game developers will undoubtedly have to turn their focus toward local markets or be forced to find workarounds as some studios, like Owlcat Games, already have—by setting up their businesses in not-so-hostile territory and catering to the Western market by proxy.

Where there's a will, there's a way, and the Russians are incredibly resourceful people.

CREDIT: GAMESPRESS

TECH

TWITCH VS. CAPITALISM

BY IAN MILES CHEONG

SURVIVING on Twitch is a fraught prospect, even for the most dedicated of streamers. Not only does a streamer have to compete against others who play the same video games, streamers now find themselves competing against content creators from a whole other league—sex workers.

Once touted as a platform for gamers to livestream their hobby and socialize with other geeks, Twitch has strayed far from its original purpose. Having diversified its reach outside of gaming, Twitch is now at a crossroads. To whom does it cater, and how can it appeal to one audience without alienating the others?

The platform's rapid descent into smutty content comes from Amazon's increased demands for better quarterly earnings. This much is evident with the latest development, reported by Bloomberg, that discussions are now underway within the company to dramatically change content monetization—with some of the proposed changes potentially going live in just a few short months.

One of the options being considered is a pay cut for the platform's highest-paid partners, reducing their revenue take from subscriptions from 70 percent to 50 percent, and the introduction of various tiers of partnership with different rates and requirements—all while partners are prohibited, via exclusivity contracts, from streaming on platforms like YouTube, TikTok and Facebook.

Twitch's predisposition toward earnings at all costs means giving preferential treatment to "Twitch Thots"—women who monetize their bodies for quick bucks—at the cost of community values. As a platform designed for minors aged 13 and up, there are next to no safeguards preventing minors from viewing adult content. If anything, it has been promoted on the main landing page of the website, with many "adult audience only" streamers providing links directly to their OnlyFans pages.

The gateway of users being able to access or promote adult content is fueling the oversaturated meat market, which sees impressionable adolescents forming parasocial relationships with content creators, or young women selling their intimate content for as little as $7.50 a month, with the average OnlyFans creator earning just $145 to $180 per month.

Twitch allowing this to continue is a far cry from its beginnings as a wholesome video game-sharing platform. With the increased pressure to placate shareholders with higher quarterly earnings, Twitch has not been impartial in regard to its content moderation, shifting their attention to woke initiatives like LGBTQ inclusivity and addressing toxicity in video games—rather than facing head-on the real issues the platform faces, such as abuse and exploitation of its users and content creators.

It's almost as if Twitch is keen on creating new problems, or addressing nonexistent ones, instead of dealing with the problems it already has.

Twitch's issues have not gone unnoticed. With the looming revenue cuts, the platform's top content creators are going to raise a fuss and are very likely to look to greener pastures, like YouTube, which already has strict content moderation in place to prevent sexual content from being pushed on minors.

Parents, too, are keeping a closer eye on what their kids are doing, especially with revelations that minors are being groomed by online influencers for sexual gratification or transgender ideology. These are developments that will undoubtedly put a damper on Twitch's profit margins, which have been largely driven by its inconsistent moderation standards.

In the pursuit of profit, Twitch could ultimately destroy itself.

While it's hard for an audience of mostly teenagers to deny the atavistic lure of scantily clad women who flaunt their sexuality, the platform itself need not dismantle its core audience by attempting to cater to every fan base in the naked pursuit of profit.

Twitch must decide what its core values are in order to determine what the platform will look like in a decade—assuming it isn't supplanted by more focused alternatives in the not-too-distant future. ❶

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MUSIC

NFTS AND MUSIC

BY PAUL DALGARNO

EVERYONE guffawed when NFTs emerged a couple of years ago. There was the fusty, vaguely locker room-smelling name—non-fungible tokens—but also the wild concept that investors (i.e. you and I) would pay for data stored on a blockchain. Even funnier was the idea that the cryptographically ensnared whatsit would represent "ownership" of anything, from a digital avatar with a beanie to a clock that displays how many days Julian Assange has been in prison. But given the clock sold in February for $52 million and the beanie-wearing *CryptoPunk #7523* for nearly $12 million, nobody's laughing now, except the creators—who must be in stitches.

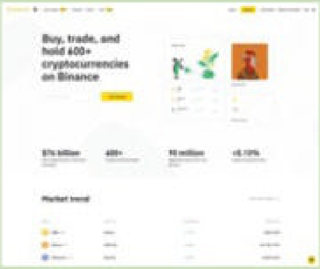
Musicians and their record labels have been quick to get their pickaxes and sieves into the ground for this latest gold rush, spurred on—as with all gold rushes—by the sight of fellow prospectors brandishing nuggets the size of their heads. Canadian musician Grimes sold almost $6 million worth of digital art and original music during a 20-minute auction last year; American DJ 3LAU sold the world's first "tokenized" album, alongside a further 33 "unique items," for more than $11 million.

Because they're still new, NFTs currently come with perks that will look quaint in hindsight. Kings of Leon released their latest album, *When You See Yourself*, as an NFT last year, with the added sweetener of four front-row seats and a "VIP experience" at any of their concerts for the rest of the token holder's life. And all that for a relatively modest—or nosebleed-inducing—outlay of cash (meaning cryptocurrencies like Ethereum and Polkadot—not your cracked old Mastercard, you hippie).

Streaming services pay between $0.00348 and $0.00675 per song play, so it's easy to understand why artists see potential fun in the non-fungible. Music-focused NFT platforms, such as Binance and Centaurify, have begun sprouting like, um, fungi. And in February, Snoop Dogg bought iconic hip-hop label Death Row Records and pulled its catalog from streaming services with a view to making the company a non-fungible endeavor.

Cynics abound, but supporters of NFTs say they're a way for musicians, who traditionally get a 12 percent cut of the profits from their record companies, to wrestle back control of their art—a bit like Radiohead self-releasing *In Rainbows* in 2007, or Beyoncé exclusively releasing her 2016 album *Lemonade* on Tidal, the streaming service she co-owned with husband Jay-Z.

> **"Music-focused NFT platforms, such as Binance and Centaurify, have begun sprouting like, um, fungi."**



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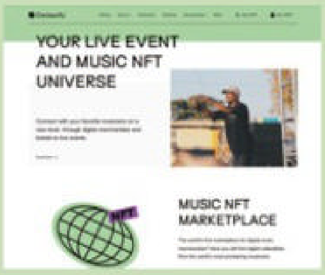
Market trend



YOUR LIVE EVENT AND MUSIC NFT UNIVERSE

MUSIC NFT MARKETPLACE

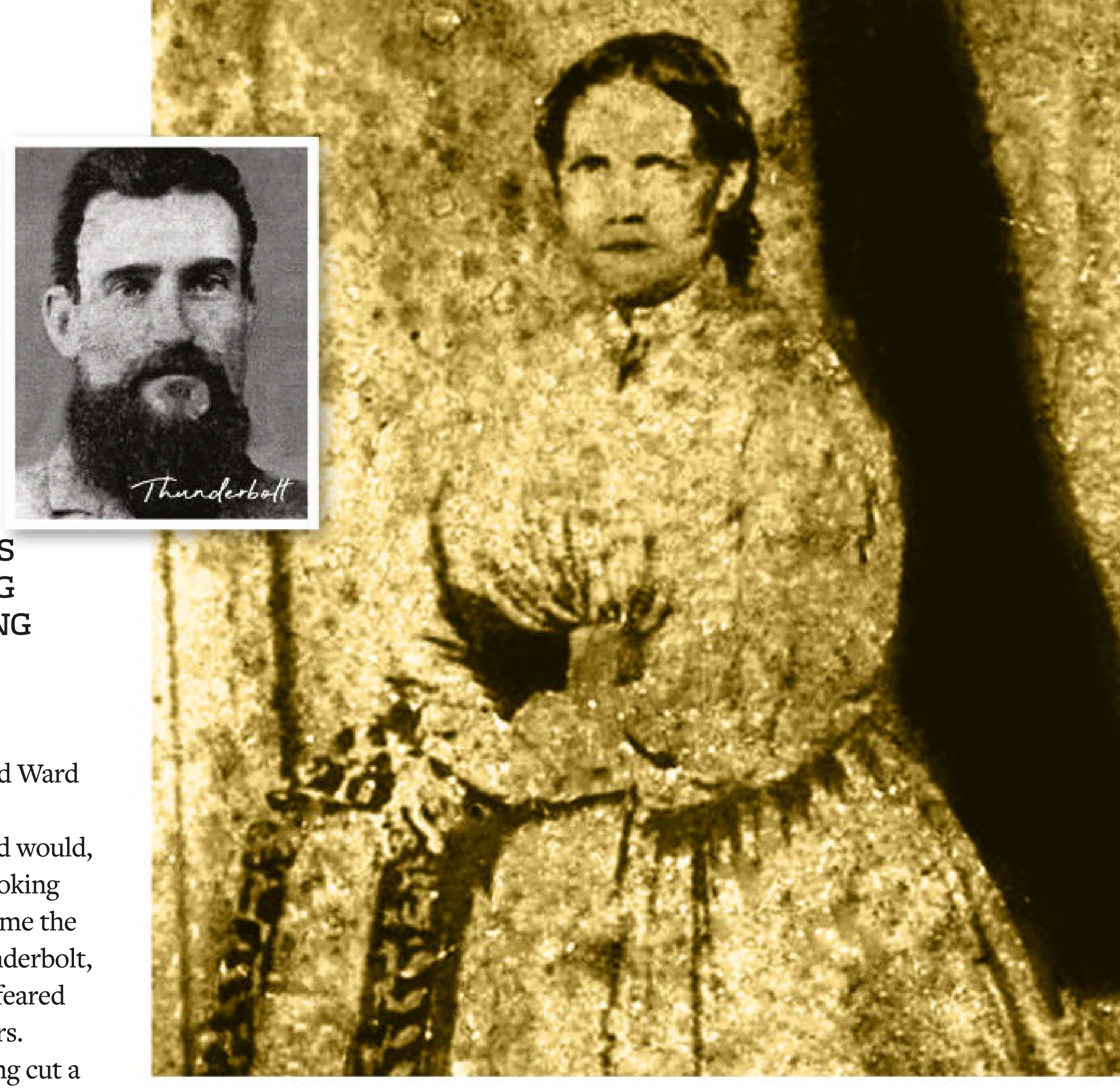
NFTs build scarcity into the digital model in a way that happens already with, say, rare vinyls. To be clear, you can still stream or buy the latest album by most big acts whether or not it's released as an NFT. But the NFT version is an uncopiable—and essentially signed—file that's been verified as an original and limited edition, to be kept or sold like any other artwork in the future. If the NFT includes an alternate, remixed or wholly original version of a song or album, that's all the better.

Will you be high-fiving yourself in years to come for investing in NFTs or kicking yourself the way you did after you rushed out to buy a MiniDisc player (may they rest in peace) circa 2004? ●

CREDIT: STILL FROM LEMONADE © HBO

WEIRD HISTORY

A Bushranger Named Mary



CAPTAIN THUNDERBOLT, ONE OF AUSTRALIA'S MOST FAMOUS BUSHRANGERS, HAD A STRONG FEMALE SIDEKICK. SHE WAS DOING HER THING BEFORE FEMINISM WAS A THING.

BY BEN POBJIE

THERE are many professions that have been traditionally seen as male-dominated: car mechanic, military strongman, James Bond, etc. But the job of bushranger may be the most stereotypically masculine of all. When we think of bushrangers, we tend to think of rough men with big beards and funny hats.

While women were definitely in the minority, they weren't entirely absent in the history of bushranging.

In fact, one of the most famous of all bushrangers owed a good deal of his success to his right-hand woman.

Mary Ann Bugg was born in Gloucester, New South Wales, in 1834, the daughter of an Aboriginal woman and an English convict. A precocious girl, she was married at 14 because these were historical times and people were OK with all sorts of horrible stuff. She had one child with her first husband before ditching him and hightailing it with another man to Bathurst. After having another two kids with her new fellow, leaving him for another man, and having another three kids with him, a somewhat exhausted Mary Ann chanced to meet one Frederick Ward, a ticket-of-leave convict with some big dreams.

By this time Mary Ann was 26 years old, had borne six children and was looking for a change. For a lively young woman with a taste for bad boys, Fred Ward was paydirt.

This was because Ward would, within a few years of hooking up with Mary Ann, become the legendary Captain Thunderbolt, one of Australia's most feared and admired bushrangers. Thunderbolt and his gang cut a swathe through the north and west of NSW for a good seven years, but he wouldn't have been nearly as successful at his chosen profession if it hadn't been for Mary Ann who, in an early example of how women truly can have it all, combined her duties of wife and mother to a constantly increasing brood of little Thunderbolts with her new career as a bandit.

Crafty Mary Ann became the Thunderbolt gang's reconnaissance expert, keeping her man Ward safe by keeping her eyes and ears open and providing advance warning of any danger.

Before Thunderbolt would ride into a town, whether to pull off a job or just to rest up and drink their savings, Mary Ann would go ahead as scout. Townsfolk would see the young woman ride in on her own, dressed like a dashing stockman in moleskin pants, Wellington boots, monkey jacket, cabbage tree hat, and various other items of clothing with bizarre names that people liked to put on in the 1860s. She would check out the town, determine whether there were any troopers about, and report back to her captain.

> **"She was married at 14 because these were historical times and people were OK with all sorts of horrible stuff."**

Mary Ann also took care of the gang's camps, making sure the men were well-fed and annoying them by cleaning bits of dirt off their faces with a hankie in front of their friends.

On occasion she ran into trouble with the law, but each time managed to extricate herself through cunning and a little bit of luck. Once she was arrested for vagrancy, but was released after questions were asked in Parliament as to what on earth the police were doing arresting a woman, well-known as the non-vagrant gender.

The combination of Captain Thunderbolt's brilliant horsemanship and ruthless criminal ambition with Mary Ann's sharp eyes and quick wit made the couple an unstoppable bushranging team.

It can be no coincidence that Thunderbolt, with Mary Ann by his side, proved to have a much longer bushranging career than any other of his ilk—most bushrangers either met their end or got out of the business after a year or two.

Neither can it be a coincidence that after their relationship finally ended—probably because of the captain's roving eye—Ward got himself run down and killed in 1870. Without Mary Ann, he wasn't half the bushranger he had been with her.

Mary Ann outlived Thunderbolt by more than three decades. After his death, she returned to one of the men she had lived with pre-bushranging, having another four children to add to the three she had with Thunderbolt and the six she had before Thunderbolt, making a grand total of far too many.

Mary Ann was 70 years old when she died in 1905 in Mudgee, NSW. Less than 10 of those years had been spent with Frederick Ward—but to her dying day, she would always be, in her own words, "the Captain's Lady."

CREDIT: WIKIPEDIA

Got a Light?

IT DOESN'T GET MUCH HOTTER THAN WAX PLAY—LITERALLY!

BY AMIE WEE

WHEN we say wax play, we're not talking about waxing your body hair. We're talking about lighting a candle and dripping, drizzling and pouring warm melted wax onto bare skin in the name of getting your rocks off.

For some couples, erotic wax play is about shared sexual exploration, which can build trust and increase intimacy in the relationship. For others, the thrill comes from the dangerously exciting sensation of experiencing short, sharp and hot flashes as molten wax hits the skin—and not knowing where it's going to land next. And for the extra kinky folks who roam among us, wax play is about the power dynamic that comes with a sadist consensually tormenting a writhing, willing submissive by dripping almost too hot wax on their naked flesh in the pursuit of painful pleasure.

Not all candles are built the same

When it comes to choosing candles for wax play, not just any candle will do. The type of candle you decide to use will ultimately decide whether your wax play experience is going to be a totally painless or moderately painful one.

Avoid using candles you normally find around the house. These are likely to be made of beeswax, which typically burns at 170 F and can injure the skin. Also, don't use candles that are scented or have artificial coloring, as they're likely to contain chemicals or oils and be made of paraffin wax, which burns between 120 F and 135 F, and can potentially burn or otherwise irritate the skin.

Stick to body-safe candles that have been specifically created for pouring and dripping on skin. You'll find most wax play candles are made of soy or shea butter, which don't generate as much heat and have a medium burning temperature.

Also, candles designed for wax play are typically categorized either as wax play candles or massage oil candles. Basically, wax play candles are great for dripping on the skin, but will leave traces of wax behind, whereas massage oil candles melt at a lower temperature and will be the consistency of massage oil as they're poured onto the skin, making them ideal for a sensual rubdown.

Before you play

If you're going to quite literally play with fire, it pays to play it safe.

Before you start lighting candles and exposing each other to naked flames, make sure everyone's onboard with the planned activities. Surprises are good in the bedroom, but spontaneity is not your friend when it comes to beginners wielding lit candles and hot wax. Have a chat before the lighter comes out, discuss your boundaries and come up with a safeword for cooling down the play in case things get a little too hot.

Fire can be unpredictable, so wax play necessitates even more forward planning. Prepare a dedicated space in your home for your wax play adventure. Make sure it's free from clutter and that there are no flammable objects looming close enough that a cheeky flickering flame could lick. If you're going to set up on your bed, couch or rug, make sure you lay down a tarp, sheet or towel that you're happy to have destroyed. Nothing kills a boner faster than having to pick stubborn chunks of dried wax out of the bedsheets, upholstery or carpet.

And finally, make sure you have a bucket of water, a wet face cloth and a first aid kit nearby in case of an accident. It might sound like overkill, but it'll save you one hell of an awkward conversation by preventing an inferno and avoiding firefighters having to come to your rescue.

How to start

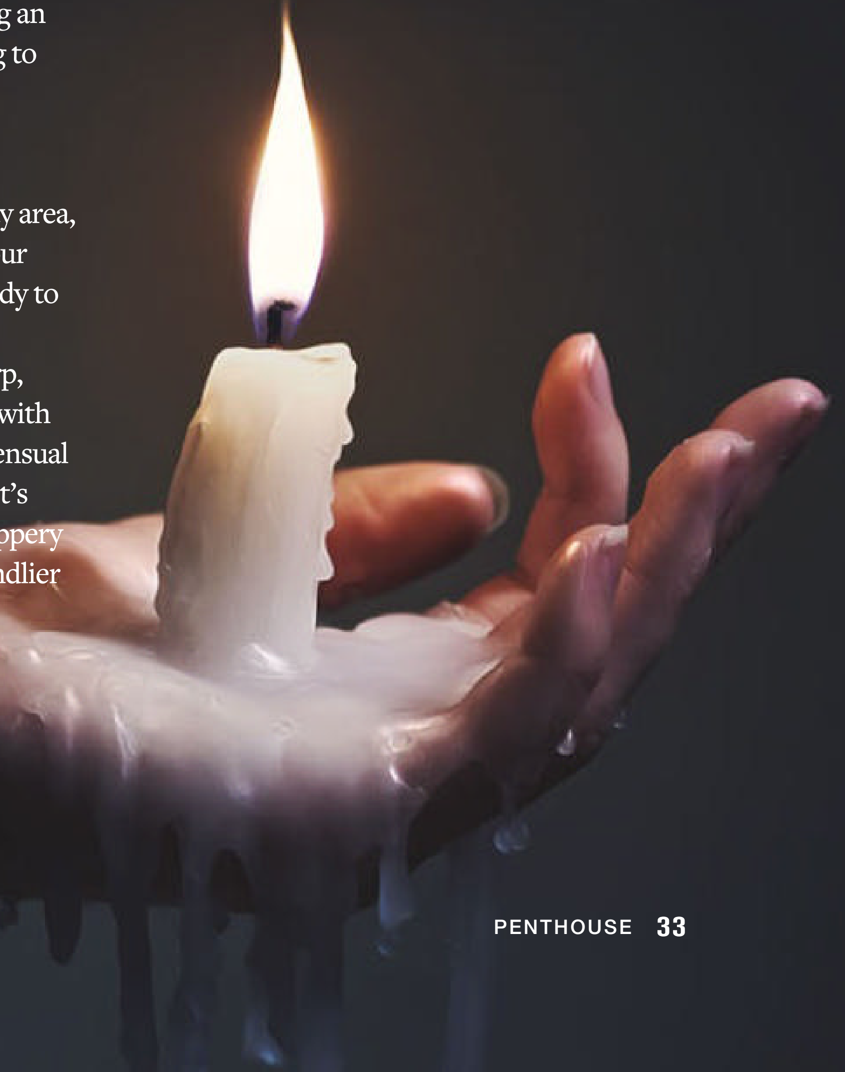
Once you've set up your designated play area, discussed safewords and foraged for your arsenal of body-safe candles, you're ready to start getting sexy with wax.

Have your partner lie down on the tarp, towel or sheet and massage their body with an oil or moisturizer. This helps set a sensual mood and relax any jittery nerves, but it's also a bit of practical prep because a slippery coating on the skin will make for a friendlier wax removal process at the end.

When you're ready, light one of your candles and drip small amounts of wax onto your own arm at different heights, so you can test the temperature. When you're happy with the level of heat, slowly splash a few drops onto your partner's body to see how they react. This is going to immediately let you know how they're feeling about the temperature. Stay at a slow speed and play around with dropping the wax from various heights. The higher you lift the candle, the further the wax has to travel—therefore the cooler it's going to be when it hits the skin. If your partner is reacting positively, get creative by experimenting with the height and speed at which you allow the wax to hit the skin. Also, feel free to make patterns and layer the wax on their body.

When you're done turning your lover into a human candle, remove the wax by gently sliding a credit card under it to tease it off the skin. Wax can be clingy, so hope for the best that you haven't coated any body hair—or it's likely to be literally waxed off in the removal process.

The concept of wax play can sound a little freaky to the uninitiated, but we guess you could say it doesn't take much to warm up to it!



NATURAL BEAUTY

NATALIE LEVIN

PHOTOGRAPHER
FLORENT CARMIN @INFLUENT_MAG

Natalie Levin

GORGEOUS green-eyed Natalie Levin is a study in contrasts. The Seattle-born beauty may sometimes be shy, but once she comes out of her shell, she's a bubbly, giggly girl who's looking for a good time. Fortunately for us, she's dropped her inhibitions just long enough to pose for *Penthouse*.

When it comes to relationships, Natalie tells us she's honest, loyal and open-minded. Her ideal man is a take-charge guy, who's driven, confident and levelheaded but isn't afraid to show his romantic side—or spoil her with affection!

Though she's currently working as a model, this goal-oriented girl has her eyes on the future and is studying to be a nurse. And that's a good thing, too, because one look at her has definitely sent our hearts racing!

FAST FACTS

- Her hobbies: Baking, painting and hiking
- Her pet peeves: Two-faced people, negativity and dishonesty
- Her favorite TV character: Nate Jacobs from *Euphoria*
- Her ideal vacation spots: Switzerland and Greece
- What gets her in trouble: "I speed when I'm driving!"
- Her favorite time of year: "December because I love snowboarding and sledding—and everything is so Christmasy!"

AGE: 22
HEIGHT: 5′6″
MEASUREMENTS: 32DD-22-36
INSTAGRAM: @natalielevinx
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THE LADY IS A CHAMP

BOXER **AVRIL MATHIE** IS FIGHTING HER WAY TO THE TOP OF HER SPORT, BUT THE SKY'S THE LIMIT FOR THIS AMBITIOUS BEAUTY

KNOCKOUT Avril Mathie is a triple threat with beauty, brains and brawn. The Aussie athlete is best known to sports fans as an undefeated boxing pro, who appreciates the art of the sweet science. But she's also a self-admitted travel addict, gorgeous model and fitness expert, who loves connecting with people and inspiring them to live their best lives. *Penthouse* spoke with Avril, 35, about how she made the leap from bikini contests to boxing and what keeps her coming back to the ring.

How did you get your start modeling?
I'm originally from Australia. From 18 to 21, I worked in a nightclub on the Gold Coast. Every week, they would hold bikini competitions with really big cash prizes—and not just for the winner, but for whoever made it to the finals. So, sometimes if there were not enough girls entering, they would ask us from behind the bar if we wanted to jump in. I always would, and I started winning a lot of money this way! A few years in, I also made a lifestyle change from partying a lot to being healthy and working out, and that was when I started winning everything and going to higher levels of the competitions—winning national finals, and even international finals like Miss Swimsuit USA 2013 and the $50,000 Las Vegas International Model Search in 2015.

Along this whole journey I was gaining notoriety, and brands would often approach me to model for them. Then Instagram was born, and it was even easier for brands to connect with me.

What attracted you to boxing?
I started boxing late in 2012. I broke my foot doing muay thai, which I had been doing for a few years just for fun and fitness, and boxing was literally all I could do. With a broken foot, I couldn't run, jump or anything! The coach I had at the time started to teach me a lot more defensive work—rather than just attacking—and I started to see it as a game of chess. But games are more fun when there are two players, so I wanted to have a fight! I somehow won my first bout and was addicted to the adrenaline. It became my obsession and was all I wanted to do.

What's your typical fitness routine?
If I don't have an upcoming fight, I'm training boxing three to four times per week. I'll do strength and conditioning sessions one to two times per week, a long run or two, and play beach volleyball almost every day. If I have a fight coming up, I'll drop the beach volley to one to two days per week, do boxing five times per week, and add sprint and speedwork sessions as well.

What was behind your move from Australia to Florida? And what do you like most about your new home base?
In 2015, I split from my ex and had a realization that I can be anywhere I want in the world, doing whatever I wanted to do. After a little thought, I decided that was boxing and that the land of opportunity was the USA. I almost moved to Las Vegas or L.A., but after spending a week in Miami I decided as a beach girl that was more of an ideal spot for me! And I'm glad I did, because I have an amazing coach and team here. It's easy to travel anywhere from here—the airport is 15 to 20 minutes away—and I live one block from the beach. It doesn't get better than that!

What are your current short-term and long-term goals?
My short-term goals are usually whatever I have coming up, a fight, a project that I'm working on, staying fit, etc. But I'm so satisfied just living out my life and enjoying the spontaneity of whatever comes my way that I don't really get too attached to any one thing. What I enjoy most of all is connecting with people, making them laugh and inspiring them with how I live my life and the possibilities of how they could live theirs and what they can achieve. Randomly, my long-term goals are to own a lot of property and build really cool houses.

Do you have any interest in pursuing an MMA career?
No, I have no interest in getting elbowed in the face!

With everything else you have going on, what's made you keep coming back to boxing?
Boxing excites me because I like to challenge myself. But honestly there are periods I go through where I get a bit bored with it because I don't feel like I'm growing or improving. Boxing is very political, so it can often get frustrating when you just want to compete. But then sometimes you just have that one training session or fight offer—or maybe even just a conversation with someone—that reignites the flame. So right now I'm still here. I'm also really

CREDIT: PHOTOS BY JOEY WRIGHT

BOCA
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CREDIT

PRIVATE PROPERTY
NO LIFEGUARD
SWIM AT YOUR OWN RISK

"IF I HAVE A FIGHT COMING UP, I'LL DROP THE BEACH VOLLEY TO ONE TO TWO DAYS PER WEEK, DO BOXING FIVE TIMES PER WEEK, AND ADD SPRINT AND SPEEDWORK SESSIONS AS WELL."

enjoying beach volleyball at the moment, too, and I can compete every single week if I want to, so I think that's really helped my competitive patience.

Tell us about your workout app. How did that come about, and what do you like most about it?
I noticed there were no good boxing apps out there that actually teach you how to box and the proper movements. They just give you random "boxing" fitness moves. I always have people asking me if I can coach them. I would absolutely love to, but I don't have the time. So I created my app—boxwithavrilapp.com—to fill the gap and teach people how to use their whole body when boxing. Not only do you look better doing it, but it's a way more effective workout because you're actually using your whole body. It's also one of the hardest workouts out there, so once you learn the basics, you can rip into shape really fast. There's also a chat feature in there, so my members can update me on how they're doing—which I love to hear—ask any questions or advice, or request specific workouts.

> **"THE COACH I HAD AT THE TIME STARTED TO TEACH ME A LOT MORE DEFENSIVE WORK–RATHER THAN JUST ATTACKING–AND I STARTED TO SEE IT AS A GAME OF CHESS."**

Aside from your social channels, where else can people find you online?
They can connect with me on a deeper level on my OnlyFans: www.avrilsfans.com.

INSTAGRAM: @avrilmathie
TWITTER: @avrilmathie
WEBSITE: www.avrilmathie.com

MANYVIDS PRESENTS

15 QUESTIONS WITH

KALINA RYU

When did you start creating content?

I started creating content in 2013.

What is your favorite part about working in this industry?

My favorite part about working in this industry is all the friends I've met along the way.

Throughout your career, what is your favorite scene you have created?

I don't think I could choose a favorite scene. I've been fortunate to work with such talented casts and crews. I wouldn't want to hurt any feelings. I've had so much fun!

Who are three performers you dream of working with?

This is also another difficult question. Three performers I dream of working with are Luna Star, Bruce Venture and Rico Shades.

What song best describes you?

I'm a fan of all genres of music as there is a time and place for almost anything. I really love OutKast. "CPU" by Big Boi goes: "It's you that's on my computer screen 'cause it's you that's on my mind." I want to be the girl you're watching and am looking forward to bringing you new content.

What is your favorite season?

My favorite season is summer. I don't like being cold. Less clothing and shoes is preferred.

What foreign language would you like to learn?

I speak a little Korean and even less Spanish. I'm embarrassed that I understand more than I am comfortable speaking. I'd love to be fluent in both. After that, probably Japanese and French.

What era would you choose to live in if you could?

I really appreciate the freedom and modern technological conveniences that we have. I can't imagine traveling back in time before running water and electricity. I do love the traditional Korean folkwear of the Joseon dynasty. The hanboks are so beautiful.

If you could meet any celebrity, who would you choose?

I'd choose Mila Kunis. She's super pretty.

If you won the lottery tomorrow, what is the first big purchase you would make?

If I won the lottery tomorrow, the first major purchases I would make would be buying a bunch of houses all on the same street for my entire family somewhere tropical.

What is the funniest thing you have ever seen happen in person?

The funniest thing that has ever happened to me is having my connecting flights delayed three times today!

What is a quirk you have that no one knows about?

A quirk that I have that no one knows about? I'm pretty much an open book. Everyone knows how silly I am.

Do you have any hidden talents?

I'm not sure if it's considered a hidden talent, but I like to paint.

Who is your favorite superhero?

My favorite superhero is Superman.

What does your perfect day off look like?

A perfect day off for me is a day at the beach with a handsome man.

KalinaRyu.ManyVids.com

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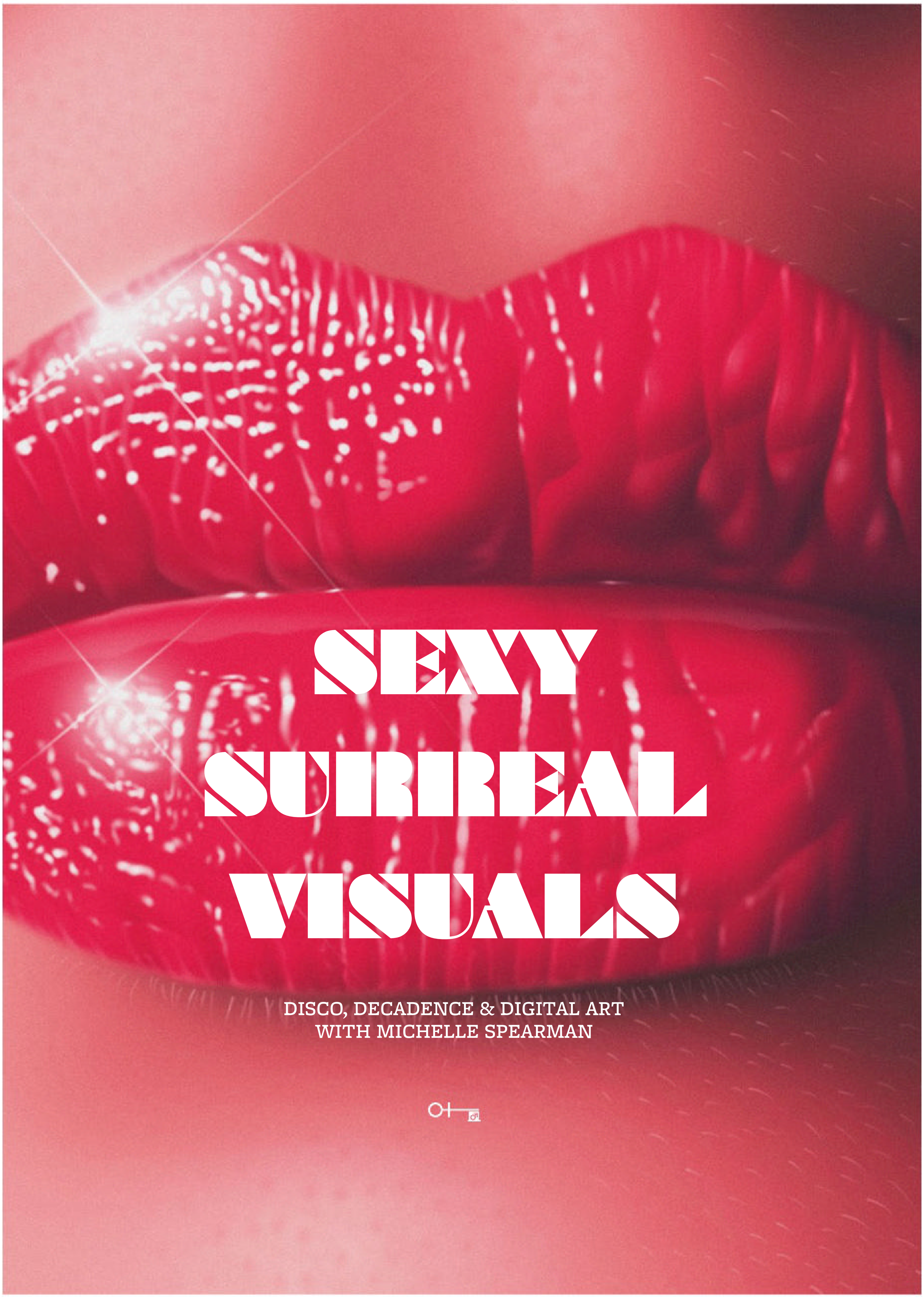

SEXY SURREAL VISUALS

DISCO, DECADENCE & DIGITAL ART
WITH MICHELLE SPEARMAN

MICHELLE Spearman is a freelance illustrator in Dallas, Texas, whose work is inspired by vintage erotica, surrealism and album covers from the ’70s and ’80s.

Penthouse spoke to the artist about how she developed her unique style, why retro porn gets her creative juices flowing and the decision that saw her ditch academia for a full-time career in art.

Tell us a bit about you.
I’m a sensitive, introverted night owl, and maybe a bit of a hedonist—and I think it shows in my work. I love to consume and create art that feeds the senses. I’m happy with a piece when it’s both visually striking and represents some duality like pain versus pleasure, beauty versus ugliness, safety versus danger.

How did you find your way to a career in art?
I’ve always made art, but it didn’t occur to me to make it a career until recently. I studied psychology in college, but as graduation neared, I kept ditching my research group. I also slept through the GRE that would determine if I could enter grad school. I think I’d had enough of academia. I didn’t understand what it could offer me.

After that, I was aimless for a while. I worked day jobs and wrote a style blog in my free time. No one read it, but I loved piecing each post together—dressing up, taking photos and crafting a story around each look.

In 2018, I moved to Dallas to be near friends. Their style inspired me to resurrect the blog, this time as an online secondhand clothing store. I needed branding to make it official, so I drew it myself. My boyfriend at the time noticed and gifted me a tablet. That’s when I started exploring the style I use today. People took more notice of my artwork than my clothing, so I ran with it.
The short answer is that I’m unhappy unless I’m my own boss. I don’t consider myself that brave or ambitious. It’s more that the pains of working a nine-to-five outweighs the pains of freelancing.

How did you develop your style?
I imitated my favorite airbrush artists of the ’70s and ’80s. When I don’t have a starting point, I often find luck in picking up where someone else left off.

What inspires your art?
The golden age of advertising, sex, taboo, glamour, disco and decadence.

What is it about vintage erotica that gets your creative juices flowing?
I’m trying to figure that out, and this is what I’ve come up with: Erotica is inherent to every generation. We humans have been horny since we’ve existed. The spirit and trends of a specific generation, however, belong only to that generation. So, seeing a universal concept like erotica through a narrow lens—like the ’80s zeitgeist—shows the commonplace in a new light. You could do that with any subject, but sex is fun to play with. It’s universal, but people have a weird relationship with it, so it’s that much more compelling.

What drives you to create the type of art you do?
It’s fun! It’s sexy and surreal and weird. It doesn’t take itself too seriously, but at the same time it requires great precision. It’s what I want to be: silly and serious.

How has your art evolved over time?
I suppose it’s gotten better. The more I create, the more I learn what works for me and what I shouldn’t even attempt to draw. I’d love for my technique to evolve, but the subject matter, on the other hand, is something that could stay constant and I’d be totally happy. Like other subjects, the world of erotica is so wide that I think I could explore it forever. Even if I only did illustrations of one human body for the rest of my life, there would always be some new way of representing it.

Tell us about some of your art achievements or highlights?
I don’t have any awards, so my achievements are more personal in nature. It’s an achievement anytime I land a job with a client who has values and tastes that are similar to mine. I’m so lucky to work with them. They often bring concepts to me I could never have dreamed of myself, and it’s always an honor to help them bring them to life.

> “I LOVE TO CONSUME AND CREATE ART THAT FEEDS THE SENSES.”

What advice would you give to someone wanting to pursue art?
If you’re pursuing art to make money and have any talent at all, keep working on your craft, but at this point networking is a priority. It’s an icky word, but less so if you think about it as going out for drinks and meeting new people.

Ignore Insta-therapy and DO compare yourself to others. You need to know what sets you apart from others and in what ways you’re similar. It’s how you’ll assess your strengths and weaknesses. It’s not about how you stack up quantitatively as much as “What are successful artists doing?” and “What are the practices of artists who aren’t getting a lot of work?” And “Where do I fit in?”

INSTAGRAM: **@michellespearmint**
WEBSITE: **michellespearmanart.com**

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MENU

THIS IS HOW WE ROLL

THE ICONIC NISSAN Z GETS A MODERN REBOOT, RUM COCKTAILS ADD SOME SIZZLE TO THE SUMMER AND A BRAND-NEW SUPERYACHT MAKES SERIOUS WAVES

NISSAN DESIGN
AMERICA

Boost
ENG OIL TEMP
WATER TEMP
ENG OIL PRESS
DIFF OIL
0 MPH

Z MARKS THE SPOT

THE ALL-NEW 2023 NISSAN Z

NISSAN'S seventh-generation Z is an iconic sports car reborn for the modern age. Updated for the first time in a decade, the 2023 Z's sleek design harkens back to its vintage roots and offers affordable luxury with a price starting at $40,000.

"Z is the pure expression of thrill," says Ashwani Gupta, Nissan's chief operating officer. "The new Z retains its authenticity as a pure sports car to keep you connected to the road, while bringing in the latest modern technologies to make sure the car can help keep you connected to your life."

In short, this is a dynamic car built for enthusiasts, by enthusiasts.

We're talking a 3.0-liter V6 twin turbo engine to bump up power output over the previous generation 370Z.

Its engine is rated at 400 horsepower at 6,400 rpm and 350lb-ft of torque starting from 1,600 to 5,200 rpm.

And, of course, you may choose a six-speed manual transmission, including an EXEDY high-performance clutch, or opt for the quick-response nine-speed automatic transmission.

The engine is designed to deliver a sharp, yet smooth response to the driver's input to create a truly thrilling experience.

The 2023 Z's 8.0-inch display audio touchscreen features six speakers and includes Apple CarPlay and Android Auto, as well as a hands-free text messaging assistant to keep you in the loop when you're on the go.

From a design perspective, the long hood, large headlights and racy roofline are fundamentally Z. But it's achieved a fresh reinvention by melding tradition with the best modern technology.

The new Z is slated to arrive soon at Nissan dealers across the country.

"Whether on an unexplored winding road or your daily commute, the Z brings a smile and awakens the senses," says Gupta.

CLASSIC MAI TAI

A classic for a reason and a favorite of cocktail enthusiasts, the mai tai is best described as South Pacific sunshine in a glass.

As the story goes, the first person to try the cocktail exclaimed, “Mai tai-roa aé,” which translates to “Out of this world—the best!” in Tahitian, which is where the drink earned its name mai tai.

Ingredients

- 1 ½ shots dark rum
- 1 ½ shots light rum
- ¾ shot orange curacao
- ¾ shot fresh lime juice
- ½ shot orgeat syrup
- 1 ½ shots pineapple juice
- Crushed ice
- Optional garnishes: Pineapple wedge, lime wheel, maraschino cherries, mint sprig

How to make it

1. Mix light rum, orange curacao, lime juice, orgeat syrup and pineapple juice in a chilled cocktail shaker with ice.
2. Shake and strain over crushed ice.
3. Float dark rum on top of the drink.
4. Garnish with either a pineapple wedge, wheel of lime and maraschino cherries, or a simple lime wheel and mint sprig.

Recipe variation: Experiment with different rums and ratios to find your optimal combination of flavor and depth. Consider replacing dark rum for spiced rum, and light rum for coconut rum for spicier or fruiter twists on the classic. For some heat, add a chili rim to your cocktail. Rim the glass with a lime wedge. Place chili powder onto a plate and dip the glass rim into it.

GET READY TO RUM-BLE

THREE RUM-BASED COCKTAILS TO TRANSPORT YOU TO THE TROPICS

NO SPIRIT defines summer quite like rum. Not only does a sip of a refreshing rum-laden beverage have the ability to transport your taste buds straight to a white sandy beach, it's also the perfect liquor for a whole host of cocktails. It pairs well with many ingredients, as evidenced by piña coladas, mojitos and daiquiris and the classic rum and Coke.

So grab a few bottles of light and dark rum for your bar cart to help see you through the hot-as-ever summer in style. Kick back and sip your way through the season with these deliciously refreshing, summertime cocktails.

RUM RUNNER

Legend has it the Rum Runner cocktail was first created in the '70s at the Holiday Isle Tiki Bar in the Florida Keys, when employee John Elber—also known as Tiki John—needed to get rid of a bunch of excess rum and other liqueurs to make room for new stock. To use up the surplus alcohol, Tiki John cleverly created a boozy cocktail by mixing banana liqueur, brandy, rum and grenadine—and christened it the Rum Runner.

Ingredients

- Wedge of lime
- 1 shot light rum
- 1 shot dark rum
- 1 shot banana liqueur
- ½ shot blackberry liquor (or blackberry brandy)
- 2 shots pineapple juice
- Splash of grenadine syrup
- Crushed ice

How to make it

1. Muddle a wedge of lime in the bottom of a cocktail shaker.
2. Add all of the ingredients to the cocktail shaker filled with crushed ice and shake until chilled.
3. Strain into a hurricane glass over crushed ice.
4. Garnish with a pineapple wedge and a maraschino cherry.

Recipe variation: Turn the Rum Runner into a frozen cocktail by pouring the ingredients into a blender with ¾ cup of ice. Blend until smooth.

SPICY MANGO DARK & STORMY

A twist on the classic Dark & Stormy, the addition of spiced rum, mango puree and fresh mint takes this classic cocktail and turns it into a sharp, yet refreshing Caribbean vacay in a glass.

Ingredients

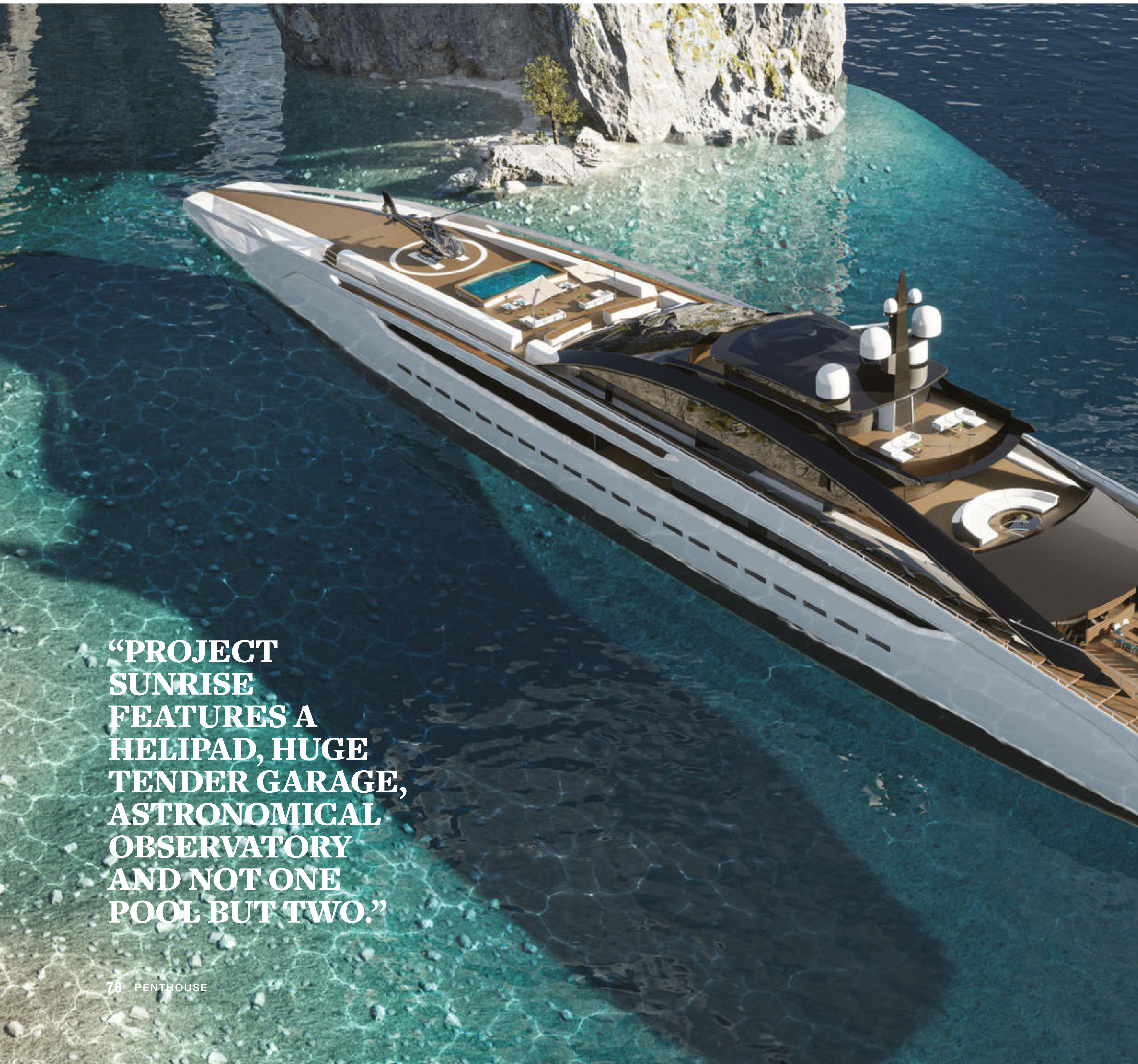
- 1 to 2 shots spiced rum
- 2 shots mango nectar
- A few wedges of lime
- Sprig of mint
- Ginger beer
- Crushed ice

How to make it

1. Muddle a lime wedge and a few mint leaves in the bottom of your cocktail glass.
2. Fill the glass half way with crushed ice.
3. Add the rum and mango puree before topping with ginger beer.
4. Stir with a bar spoon.
5. Garnish with extra lime wedges and mint.

Recipe variation: Add the liquid ingredients to a blender with some ice and turn your Dark & Stormy into a boozy slushy. Experiment with stronger—or alcoholic—ginger beers for a spicier kick.

CREDIT: BHOFACK2 / MCMLXXXI / ASAB974



> “PROJECT SUNRISE FEATURES A HELIPAD, HUGE TENDER GARAGE, ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY AND NOT ONE POOL BUT TWO.”

COME ABOARD AND WATCH THE SUNRISE

SEARCHING FOR A SUPERYACHT TO ENTERTAIN YOUR 20 CLOSEST FRIENDS? LOOK NO FURTHER THAN PROJECT SUNRISE!

WHAT to gift yourself with when money is no issue? Well, clearly, this. The latest sleek concept from multi-award winner Robert Curtò Design is the spectacular gigayacht Project Sunrise.

We're talking 135m set to be prowling the seas at up to 24 knots.

This new superyacht offers a plethora of open deck spaces on the low superstructure, specifically designed for decreased wind resistance, and a wave-piercing hull to reduce drag.

On board, deck space has been optimized to use her 19m beam and 135m of length to create an idyllic island resort vibe with a walking path flowing from deck to deck around the yacht.

Inside, you'll find the interior filled with light flowing in from large windows, structural glass and a Japanese-inspired style with touches such as slatted screens and a water-drop statue using the kintsugi technique coming from a hole on the deck above to behind the bar table on the main deck.

Project Sunrise features a helipad, huge tender garage, astronomical observatory and not one pool but two. There's also a private gym, an office, an additional gym for guests, a movie theater and two dining rooms. You know, just so you can mix it up.

And for those who love water sports, the bow also features a drive-in jetski bay.

Read more on www.superyachtsmonaco.com or to discuss the project further, email: contact@superyachtsmonaco.com

SPECS

Name:	Project Sunrise
Designer:	Roberto Curtò Design
Length:	135m
Beam:	19m
Hull material:	Steel
Range:	6,000 nm
Guests cabins:	11 for 22+ guests
Crew:	49
Max. speed:	24 knots
Cruising speed:	18 knots

MODEL BEHAVIOR

FASHION HOUSES X HOLLYWOOD ACTORS

FOR years, models of a certain size and shape have been the ones given the luxury of gracing the world's most regarded catwalks. Many of them have become household names, but the focus has always been about what they are wearing rather than who they are.

Slowly but surely, however, fashion houses are becoming more and more familiar with throwing their latest creations on a celebrity to give their designs an added marketing boost—especially in a world that has become obsessed with making a quick impression. But is that really a bad thing?

Prada recently made a rather shrewd move to promote their Fall/Winter 2022/23 collections by calling in A-listers to give their latest threads some Hollywood star power, while highlighting a few key age demographics along the way.

The major names showing off their classic and chic collections included Jeff Goldblum, 69, Kyle MacLachlan, 63, Thomas Brodie-Sangster, 31, and Asa Butterfield, 25.

Random? Maybe not. Not only are these gents incredibly stylish in their own right, but they are all renowned for starring in popular yet incredibly cool roles—for even cooler directors. It was a way of Prada saying "this is where we sit artistically" on the modern cultural platform.

There are many purists—and general skeptics—who see this type of move as a distraction from the garments being presented. And in this sense, a purist may be right. But guys like things to be relatable, and often buff and beautiful boys strutting up and down the catwalk doesn't always push their buttons.

However, give a man a brand that nods to David Lynch, Wes Anderson and *Sex Education* in one swoop, and discerning dudes will take note!

Prada isn't new to using film as a vehicle for its brand and collections. Back in 2013, the aforementioned Anderson created a clever short film called *Castello Cavalcanti*. Bearing in mind the film world was crying out for new material from the director at the time, and Prada was behind the production, it was a huge score for the brand in the eyes of many—and original in its delivery.

The Italian house has since continued its association with the American director by getting him to design the interiors of a café they created in Milan, so we shouldn't be surprised by their latest choice of models.

These days, it's harder to grab attention when it comes to new designs, and that means fashion houses have to get more creative to stay relevant. And an excuse to get more creative should never be frowned upon.

But the good thing about these collaborations between the fashion world and Hollywood is that they're few and far between, and are often used to promote the safer spectrum of their output. God forbid we see Vin Diesel trudging down the catwalk in a Jean Paul Gaultier frock! But then again, why not?!

CREDIT: PRADA

CELEBRITY

MAKING HIS VOICE HEARD

Johnny Depp's bombshell legal victory over ex-wife Amber Heard may prove to be worth more than the $10.3 million in damages awarded to him by the jury

HOLLYWOOD has had its share of bitter divorces and mudslinging splits. But Johnny Depp's domestic abuse defamation suit against ex-wife Amber Heard—which hit a Virginia court six years after their 15-month marriage hit the skids—will go down as one of the most sensational celebrity battles in history.

Over six weeks, experts, friends and the actors themselves delivered riveting testimony on camera and painted a captivating—and disturbing—portrait of the pair's doomed relationship.

But the jury took just over 12 hours to decide the *Aquaman* beauty, 36, had defamed the *Pirates of the Caribbean* hunk, 58, in a 2018 *Washington Post* op-ed in which she labeled herself a "public figure representing domestic abuse."

Though Amber didn't name her ex-husband in the piece, Johnny argued the public would link him to the charges and wrongly believe he'd battered her. The jury decided his reputation and career were tarnished by her words—and he was awarded $10.3 million in compensatory and punitive damages.

However, the *Drop Dead Sexy* starlet had countersued Johnny. The jury decided the *Blow* actor was liable for a defamatory statement made by his former attorney, which accused Amber of staging a "hoax" after an alleged altercation with Johnny by messing up the couple's California apartment before calling the cops. She was awarded $2 million in compensatory—not punitive—damages.

Stoic Amber did not show any reaction when the verdict was read, but later released a statement expressing her "disappointment" and reportedly plans to appeal the decision against her.

Meanwhile, Johnny—who was in England when the verdict came down—wrote on Instagram, "From the very beginning, the goal of bringing this case was to reveal the truth."

He also thanked the jury, which "gave me my life back," and said he was "truly humbled."

But in the weeks before the verdict, the he-said, she-said slugfest saw the former spouses hurling damning accusations at one another.

Johnny admitted he drank alcohol and took drugs during their relationship. But he denied ever harming Amber and claimed she "grossly embellished" his past substance use.

He also alleged Amber threw a vodka bottle at him and severed the tip of his finger during a 2015 fight in Australia.

"I felt heat and as if something was dripping down my hand," Johnny said. "I was looking directly at my bones sticking out. Blood was just pouring out."

Amber denied severing his digit and said she was not even awake when the injury occurred. But she also tearfully testified that was the night he allegedly sexually assaulted her with a booze bottle.

Sobbing Amber said, "I didn't know if the bottle that he had inside me was broken. I couldn't feel it. I didn't feel pain. I didn't feel pain. I didn't feel anything ... I just remember thinking, *Please, God, please. I hope it's not broken.*"

Johnny's lawyer Camille Vasquez disputed the claim, and Depp's spokesperson later labeled Amber's story "fictitious."

On the stand, the *Edward Scissorhands* actor also recounted an employee sending him a photo of "human fecal matter" on the bed at the couple's home in L.A. But Amber denied being the pooping perpetrator and claimed one of Johnny's dogs had soiled the bed.

Forensic accountant Michael Spindler estimated the fallout from Johnny's split with Amber cost him $40 million in work. Talent agent Christian Carino expressed his belief that Heard's allegations of abuse cost Depp the job of playing Captain Jack Sparrow in the sixth instalment of the *Pirates of the Caribbean* franchise—but didn't specifically pin the blame on the op-ed.

Some legal experts suggested emotional Amber failed to connect with the jury and seemed to trip herself up on the stand.

Beverly Hills attorney Mitra Ahouraian told the *New York Post,* "She also was caught in far too many inconsistencies, making it hard to know which parts to believe and which parts to disbelieve. Even if there was some truth to her statements, her own testimony, and her own words documented in audio recordings, hurt her more than anything in this trial."

Despite the unflattering details that came out about Johnny's past drug and booze binges, entertainment insiders believe he's poised for a lucrative career comeback. Having scored a major legal victory—and come out on top in the court of public opinion—all eyes are on Depp.

As Johnny himself said, "The best is yet to come and a new chapter has finally begun."

CREDIT: GETTY-241024246

THE FEMALE GAZE

PHOTOGRAPHER
JAMIE C PARKER

LOS ANGELES-based portrait photographer and ICU nurse Jamie Colette accidentally found herself pursuing fine art nude photography, and she hasn't looked back.

"Getting into erotic photography was kind of an accident. It was a running joke in Chicago that everyone would do their first topless shoot with me, and it was usually the model's idea!" Jamie tells *Penthouse*.

"I think they felt safe with me, which is so humbling and flattering. I was just trying to shoot more portrait work, to get better at it, and it just evolved from there. But it's just so much fun shooting with women. The female body is so beautiful, and I just love creating art with other women—and making them feel empowered and sexy while doing it."

As a female photographer, Jamie's work offers a fresh perspective on the naked female form—one that extends beyond sexuality—and showcases the duality of women.

"Women are just so powerful. Besides being physically beautiful, we are just such complex creatures. Women can simultaneously be strong and soft. We can be sexy while nude or in a full suit. I just love capturing the dichotomy of that," she explains.

The photographer admits being a woman behind the lens comes with its advantages.

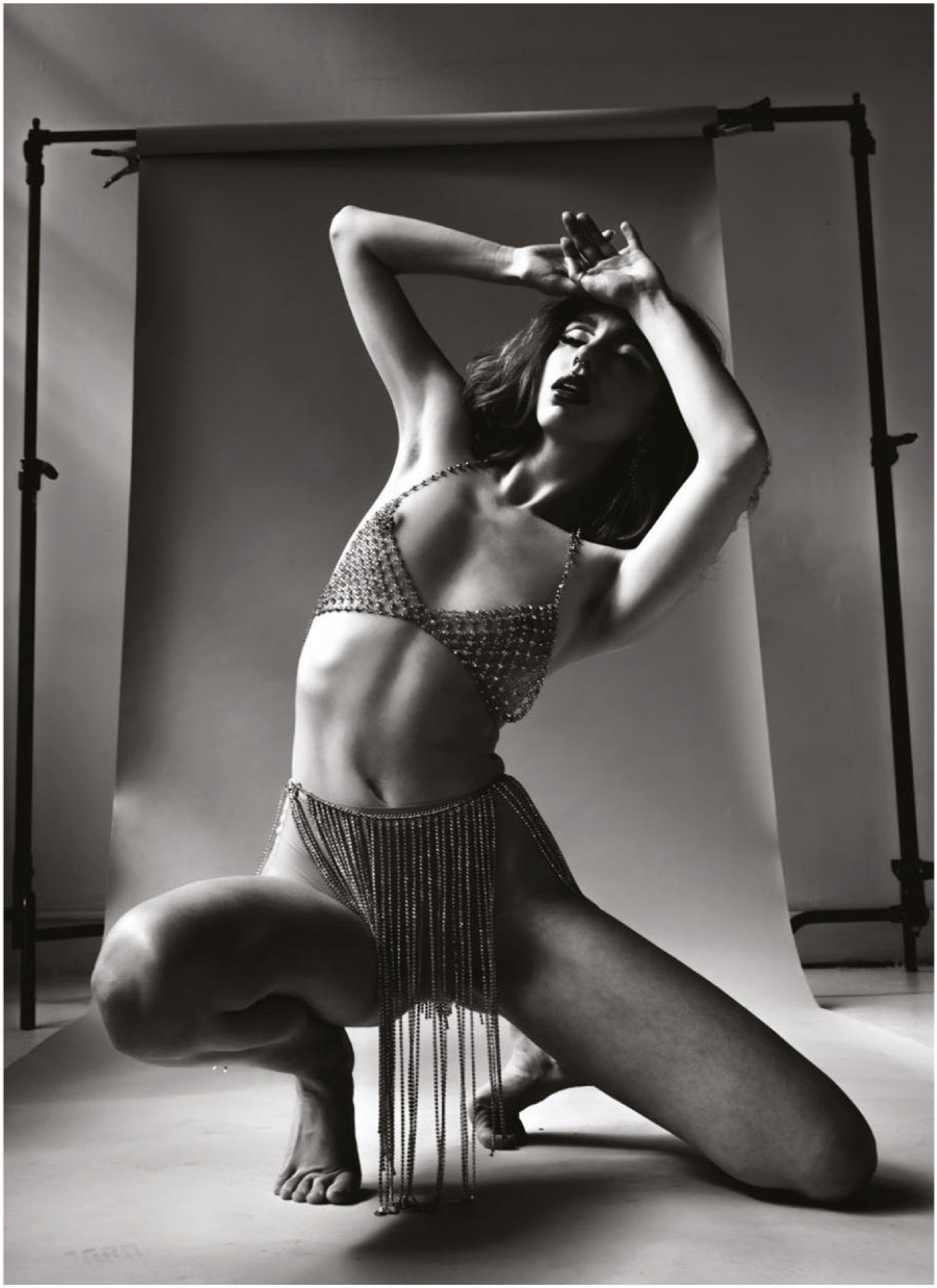
"Shooting with a female photographer often gives models a sense of comfort and safety. I find I can empathize with models, when they talk about their insecurities or even things they love about themselves," Jamie reveals.

"I often say I shoot women the way I would want to be shot if I were in front of the camera, so I think that really gives me a different perspective."

In terms of the way she approaches a session, Jamie says, "My approach to photography has changed over time in that I have gotten more and more comfortable with pushing boundaries—and less concerned about what people think."

For the budding photographers out there who might be wondering what gear Jamie uses, she says, "I shoot with a Canon 5D Mark IV, and I do pretty much all my shoots with my 35mm or 50mm lens! Lighting can be so unpredictable, so I always have a Speedlight on me. It's nice to have the option if I need it. I also love the look of flash photography in the right context." ●

INSTAGRAM: **@colettepark**



JULY PET OF THE MONTH

DATE WITH DESTINY

DESTINY ROSE

PHOTOGRAPHER
GERALD DE BEHR

Destiny Rose

BARBER
KTIY
RADIO
Phone

U SALE

SALE

U SALE
ONS
GALLON

MAX LOAD 440LBS

DESTINY ROSE

HEAVENLY Destiny Rose embraced her sense of adventure by striking out on her own two years ago and moving to the United States from her native Poland. Our July Pet now calls Florida home, and we must admit it's a good match for her sunny personality.

When Destiny is not busy working toward her college degree, she enjoys cooking, traveling and reading books. She confides, "Maybe I like those simple things because I am always swamped and don't have much spare time."

When asked what made her decide to pose for *Penthouse*, the beautiful blonde says, "*Penthouse* is an iconic magazine known for being unapologetic and scandalous—and that's me."

Well, in that case we'd have to say our collaboration was destiny!

What is your favorite thing about your hometown?
My grandmother's food. I do miss Polish food. If you haven't tried pierogi yet, you should. That's why all men love Polish girls. We know how to make pierogi.

What kind of sports do you enjoy?
I love martial arts! Many people see me as an innocent, sweet girl, but little do they know I have a black belt in taekwondo. I actually spent a couple years on Poland's national taekwondo team.

What's on your bucket list?
I want to climb Mount Everest. I also want to join the mile-high club!

What are your pet peeves?
Asking questions during a movie. Please, don't talk to me when I am watching my favorite show, *Euphoria*.

Do you collect anything?
The broken hearts of my ex-boyfriends.

AGE: 20
HEIGHT: 5'7"
MEASUREMENTS: 34D-27-34
HOMETOWN: Warsaw, Poland
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GREEN MOUNTAIN BLUES

THE UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT HAS SCORED MILLIONS IN NEW MILITARY CONTRACTS. BUT WHAT'S THE TRUE COST TO THE COLLEGE'S ACADEMIC LEGACY?

BY JASPER CRAVEN

DURING my college years in Boston, I could reliably cure homesickness by visiting friends at the University of Vermont, where my state's progressive politics and bohemian way of life were on full display.

I grew up a flower child, the son of artists in a bucolic small town in Vermont's mystical Northeast Kingdom. Long-haired and in love with nature, I became a peacenik early on during elementary school, when I marshalled my fledgling indignance to inveigh against the government's War on Terror.

The Green Mountain State has long spawned people like me, as has "Groovy UV," our largest state school. During visits, I witnessed more than my fair share of drug rugs and kaleidoscopic room tapestries. But homebred students and outsiders alike also shared an affinity for Vermont's core principles, like pacifism, environmental stewardship and the humanities.

UVM today produces more Peace Corps enlistees than nearly any other school. Some students go on to work as aides for Sen. Bernie Sanders or activists for Bill McKibben's environmental group, 350.org. Some submerge themselves in Burlington's idealistic political scene, where local leaders not only allocate funds to fill potholes but argue for divestment of the city's economy from oil monopolies and the military industrial complex.

When I returned home in 2015 to work as an investigative journalist, I was eager to immerse myself in these values. I soon discovered, however, that Vermont's crunchy core was being hollowed out, infused with a militaristic sludge, thanks largely to the state's political leaders—in particular our soon-to-retire senior senator, Patrick Leahy.

In many ways, Leahy fits squarely in line with Vermont's peacenik attitudes. As a freshman senator, in 1975 he pushed to end military funding for the Vietnam War. Nearly 30 years later, he cast a brave "No" vote on invading Iraq in 2002. One of his namesake programs, the Leahy War Victims Fund, has allocated hundreds of millions of dollars to civilians injured by landmines from the wars in Iraq, Afghanistan and Vietnam. Another, the Leahy law, bans American money from supporting abusive foreign militaries.

And yet from his powerful perch on the Senate Appropriations Committee, much of it as chairman or ranking member of the defense subcommittee, Leahy has stuffed my state, and yours, with billions in Pentagon pork, changing the American landscape in significant ways.

His sustained advocacy for Vermont's defense industry—not to mention his Irish lineage—has earned him the nickname "Saint Patrick" in the state's military circles. His major projects

include an ICE nerve center operating in the hometown of ice-cream magnate Jerry Greenfield. He's also funneled tens of millions of dollars to the Vermont National Guard and put his thumb on the scales to bring 20 F-35 fighter jets to the Guard's air unit in Burlington. (The noisy jets have spurred sustained community opposition—including that of Greenfield's business partner, Ben Cohen, who was arrested for disorderly conduct during a 2018 protest.)

Leahy has also blessed Norwich University and the Vermont Technical Institute with millions in military grants. UVM is now similarly pivoting to defense research as part of a drastic school reorientation. This new vision is supported by Leahy and his allies, including the school's president, Suresh Garimella, a military scientist by trade who is boosting defense research while slashing 23 liberal arts programs. This new direction clashes violently with the ideals of John Dewey, a Burlington native, UVM alumnus and pioneering education philosopher who championed a learning model that "keeps itself as far as may be from everything industrial, utilitarian, professional."

The cozy relationship between higher education and the military state was solidified, ironically enough, by a Vermont congressman named Justin Morrill. In 1862, President Abraham Lincoln ratified Morrill's legislation setting forth America's land grant universities. In accepting federal funds, these schools agreed to provide mandatory military education. One was UVM, which today oversees the oldest Army ROTC program in the country.

Morrill hoped this requirement would create a decentralized network of citizen-soldiers and thereby discourage the creation of an entrenched military establishment. Instead, the military spent much of the next century consolidating power and influence in many corners of American society, including academia.

Much of this work was spearheaded during and after World War II. That's when the War Department cultivated in professors what one advisor described as a "consciousness" around their "responsibility to the nation's security." The first piece of infrastructure to inculcate this mindset was the Office of Scientific Research and Development. Established in 1941 by President Franklin Roosevelt, it tasked university scientists with developing all sorts of military technology, including the atom bomb.

In 1950, President Harry Truman established the National Science Foundation, a major grant-making apparatus that, from its inception, associated scientific excellence with military supremacy.

In 1961, former President Dwight Eisenhower famously warned about the growing influence of what he deemed the "military industrial complex." Eisenhower, a five-star general and hero of World War II, had initially wanted to use the term "military industrial academic complex," but scrapped the language to avoid degrading the positive reputation enjoyed by America's system of higher education.

His concerns proved prescient. By 2002, almost 350 colleges and universities were conducting Pentagon-funded research. In recent years, no less than $10 billion has been allocated annually for military research. At the same time this money spigot has widened, state support for public education has severely declined.

Vermont has long stood out as one of the stingiest funders of public education. When Garimella arrived at UVM in 2019, he came with an alternative funding playbook he'd perfected as executive vice president for research and partnerships at Purdue University, where he'd secured hundreds of millions of dollars in defense contracts. A brilliant scientist in his own right, Garimella also conducted pathbreaking military research at Purdue around thermal cooling technology.

In his short time at UVM, research funding has hit an all-time high. As part of this work, Garimella forged a partnership with the U.S. Army and upgraded the school's supercomputer, "Deep Green," to enable cutting-edge defense research.

During Garimella's installation ceremony, Leahy hailed his "ability to build ties between our students and Vermont's economy." Leahy's remarks came during a year in which Vermont saw the second largest jump in aerospace and defense growth out of all 50 states, a trend for which the senior senator is largely responsible. During a September conference featuring major military contractors, UVM officials spoke on how their curriculum is creating "your future workforce."

SURESH GARIMELLA

"GARIMELLA FORGED A PARTNERSHIP WITH THE U.S. ARMY AND UPGRADED THE SCHOOL'S SUPERCOMPUTER, 'DEEP GREEN,' TO ENABLE CUTTING-EDGE DEFENSE RESEARCH."

Months after Garimella snagged the job, UVM established a scholarship program honoring Leahy and his wife, Marcelle. Its major corporate funders included aerospace giant Boeing, which ponied up $1 million. Members of UVM's board of trustees and associated fundraising foundation have financial ties to the defense industry, as does Garimella. In addition to his UVM salary, Garimella last year made $217,490 as Chair of the Technology Committee of Modine Manufacturing Company, which has secured lucrative contracts to develop thermal management systems for military vehicles.

More military grants seem inevitable for UVM, thanks to these bonds, as well as Garimella's influential role on the board of the National Science Foundation. Yet a more peaceful curriculum is possible. The state's leaders must simply give it a chance.

CREDIT: WIKIPEDIA

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AUGUST PET OF THE MONTH

SKIES THE LIMIT

ASHLEIGH SKIES

PHOTOGRAPHER
GERALD DE BEHR

ASHLEIGH SKIES

SMOLDERING brunette Ashleigh Skies has all the right moves. Our August Pet was a cheerleader and dancer for 15 years, and the beautiful babe has the bangin' body to prove it!

Adventurous Ashleigh lives life to the fullest and tells *Penthouse*, "I love meeting new people and experiencing new things."

Though she'll occasionally unwind by reading a good book in the bath, this curvaceous cutie isn't afraid to let loose and indulge her naughty side. We're thrilled she's giving us a peek inside her wild world.

What's your biggest turn-on?
I love driving a fast car, while a guy rests his hand on my inner thigh.

What's your favorite way to get a workout?
Sex! And not the boring kind!

What gets you in trouble?
My friends. They're always planning orgies!

What must someone do to be your perfect partner?
They have to cook—and they have to eat pussy. But honestly, the sexiest quality a person can have is an open mind.

What's the most daring thing you've ever done?
I stuck a dildo on top of a yacht and fucked it in the middle of a huge party in Florida.

How long does it take you to get ready in the morning?
Depends. It could be 25 minutes—or up to an hour if I masturbate.

When are you happiest?
I'm happiest after good food and really great sex!

If you could do anything for a day, what would it be?
I'd have a dream smoke sesh with Seth Rogen and Snoop Dogg. ◆

AGE: 27
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MEASUREMENTS: 32DD-22-34
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I·XIV·MMXVII

Ashleigh Skies

PENTHOUSE FORUM

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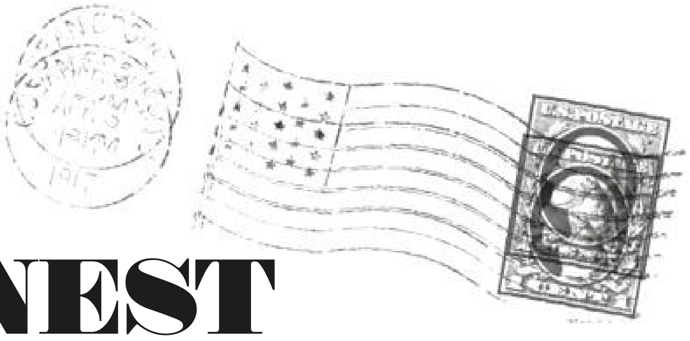


FORUM'S FINEST

THE BEST LETTER FROM EVERYTHING SENT TO PENTHOUSE FORUM

WINGING IT

MY affair with Emma started out like any other one-night stand. But when I initially locked eyes with her across the dimly lit bar, I had no idea our first fuck session would quickly ignite a passion that has since spanned thousands of miles and multiple cities around the world.

I'm still single, so when my buddies casually bring up the topic of who's getting laid the best, they always want me to dish about my latest travelogue. You see, I work for an insurance company, and my job has me flying all over the country and sometimes internationally, too, to meet with our corporate clients. I'm all about having a girl in every port. But at the same time, I never expected I would continually cross paths with one woman—one elusive, sexy minx of a woman—whose voracious sexual appetite matches my own.

Emma is a rare bird. Her hourglass curves are reminiscent of a '50s pinup. She's a redhead with an utterly mountainous double-D rack, which puts her somewhere between Jessica Rabbit and Joan Holloway, the beautiful, busty secretary in *Mad Men*.

Emma has flawless skin and pouty lips that make me sweat just from watching them move when she talks. And I'm a goner when she casually slides her tongue across her upper lip. Her intense eyes are an unusual midnight blue, and her flaming hair makes it seem as if she's quietly smoldering as she goes about her business.

And speaking of business, Emma is a flight attendant. While flying is usually anything but a pleasure, the airline gods obviously were smiling upon me the night lousy weather left me stuck in Chicago at O'Hare, causing me to head into that crowded, overpriced airport bar. I was sitting alone with an old fashioned, and something in my head told me to look up from my phone. I lost all train of rational thought when I became transfixed by the gorgeous ass of a woman—Emma—as she shimmed through the throngs of travelers. Her tight navy skirt and demure uniform blouse accessorized with pearls made her look incredible sexy. She seemed familiar enough with the place as she took up residence on the opposite side of the half-moon shaped bar. She caught me staring and smiled, so I figured I had nothing to lose and had the bartender give her a drink on me.

I headed in her direction, but even before I reached her, she swiveled around expectantly.

"Thank you for the drink," she said. "I definitely need it tonight."

"My pleasure. And yes—it's actually looking like one of the longest nights ever. I'm Jim."

"Emma." She shook my hand. "Why is it looking like a long night for you?"

I shrugged and told her, "I'll probably be roughing it, sleeping in a chair, while I wait to see if I can get a flight to D.C."

"Trying to the catch the red-eye?" I nodded in response. "Let me tell you some insider info: Don't bother," she said with a wry chuckle before sipping her drink. "That weather front moving out of here is making everyone hypercautious. By my estimate, unless you drive down, you may as well relax for the night."

"Really?"

Emma nodded and said, "That's why I booked a room." She paused before adding, "If you'd prefer somewhere more comfortable than a chair, I'm open to sharing."

I tried not to look too happy, but that was impossible.

"Absolutely yes."

"Good, because I'm horny, and I need to release some tension before I take a flight to Barcelona tomorrow morning."

"Let's not delay then."

"I admire your efficiency," she quipped.

As I followed that ginger beauty out of the bar, I honestly couldn't believe my incredible luck. I'm good-looking enough, but I'm not Brad Pitt or anything. I'm just shy of six feet, with dark hair and eyes—and glasses, so I probably look more geek than Greek god. Later on, Emma told me, "It was your balls that impressed me more than your looks. Most men are too intimidated to do more than stare at me."

I guess besides having balls, it doesn't hurt that I eat pussy like a champ, but I digress.

The second we got to her room, Emma kicked the door closed and pushed herself against me, and we kissed. I unknotted my tie, and she practically ripped off my button-down oxford shirt as we stumbled toward the bed. We went at each other with an unrelenting animalistic passion. I unzipped her skirt, and she pushed me onto the bed. She made me watch as she slowly unbuttoned her blouse and shimmied out of her skirt to reveal a gorgeous set of matching turquoise lingerie. Her magnificent tits rose out of the lacy cups like two milky-white boulders. I've always loved women with big hooters. But until that night I hadn't had the pleasure of being with a woman so buxom. It was enough to overwhelm the senses, really. I was dumbstruck, and it showed.

Emma tilted her head and asked, "Are you all right?"

"Don't mind me. Just having an out-of-body experience looking at you."

She laughed and said, "Well, I need you in your body, so you'd better focus."

"Yes ma'am," I replied, taking in a deep breath as she dropped her bra onto the floor.

"Take off those pants, and let me see your hard dick," she cooed, teasingly tugging at the side of her panties.

CREDIT: ETHAN BRIVIK MODEL: SARAH BARTON

I hurriedly undid my belt buckle and cast aside my pants and boxers. My cock was harder than I can remember it being in recent memory as I took in the sight of her dusky pink nipples. As she slipped out of her panties to reveal a perfect patch of strawberry-blonde fuzz above her swollen pussy lips, I felt all of my remaining blood pump into my raging erection.

Emma grasped the base of my shaft and gave me a playful tug as she said, "Very nice."

"Will it do?" I pulled her closer.

"Very nicely," she whispered before kissing me.

Emma's pussy was already soaking, and she wanted to get down to business right away. For the first round, I let her be on top—if only for the novel pleasure of being motorboated between her killer boobs. She shimmied her hips and guided my shaft into her tight, wet opening.

"I've been dying to fuck all day," she moaned.

I groaned and squeezed the supple flesh of her hips and ass, while sucking and licking her nipples anytime they came near my face. She rode me so well, hugging my dick with her pussy muscles and wiggling her hips in all the right ways.

"Wait—wait," I gasped. "Don't make me come so fast." I brought one hand to her waist to slow her and used the thumb of my free hand to stroke her clit.

Emma moaned and bucked.

"I want you to come with me. Can you do that?" I asked her.

She licked her lip and nodded.

We resumed our frantic pace, so I didn't last long. But I made sure her orgasm started before mine.

Afterward, as we lay panting next to each other, I ran my hands through her gorgeous hair and said, "I hope you're not too tired."

"Not a chance," she countered. Her tone was nearly a challenge, but I was ready to take her on.

I kissed my way down her incredible body—taking my time to properly worship her tremendous tits, of course. They reminded me of giant scoops of vanilla ice cream with cherries on top. However, the real dessert was her salt water taffy-pink pussy. When I clamped my lips down on her clit and sucked, she moaned and ground her cunt against my mouth.

As I navigated Emma's wet folds, I hungrily devoured her juices and fingered both her tight holes until she came again. Her face was flushed pink, but she flashed me a very devilish grin as she caught her breath.

"I hope you're not done for the night," she purred.

"Not by a long shot," I replied, guiding her nearest hand to my rejuvenated erection.

"Good, because I want to fuck you again."

I turned her over and playfully squeezed her bottom as I said, "Sure thing, but I'd like to enjoy a different view."

"Emma arched her back and rubbed her clit, while I took her pussy from behind."

Emma arched her back and rubbed her clit, while I took her pussy from behind. Thanks to a mirror mounted above the dresser, I had an incredible profile view of her tits swaying as I plowed her.

As she egged me on, begging me to pound her harder and deeper, I alternated between gently tugging on her hair and giving her bottom playful smacks.

This time when I came, I pulled out and decorated her ass with my load. Emma, for her part, left behind a giant wet spot on the sheet, which was still damp when I awoke in the morning—alone.

She'd left a card with her number. I'd called it, but her voicemail was full, and my text went unanswered. So I mentally wrote off our encounter as an incredible one-night stand. But the following week, I was passing through an airport in Seattle when my phone buzzed with a text: "I see you. Do you see me?"

I whirled around and scanned the crowd. My phone buzzed again: "Look up."

Sure enough, there was my goddess—again in uniform—in the mezzanine above the escalators. I waved, and she motioned for me to come to her.

"Hey! How about a drink?" I proposed as I approached her.

"I don't have much time. Just an hour," Emma said matter-of-factly.

"Oh, OK," I replied, feeling a little dejected. But I perked up when Emma said, "Follow me."

She led me down a service corridor to a single-occupancy, unisex bathroom. Emma locked the door behind us and said, "I want to pay you back for last time."

"It's payment enough to know I made a woman like you come."

"You say all the right things." She tugged on my tie to pull me closer and kissed me. With her free hand, she unzipped my pants and pulled out my dick.

"I've been fantasizing about you since last time," Emma said, then she spat in her hand and began to jerk my shaft.

"I haven't been able to stop thinking about you." I exhaled sharply. "I didn't think I'd see you again."

Squatting before me, Emma ran her tongue along the underside of my rod before cheekily saying, "Aren't you happy to be wrong?"

I grinned like an idiot as I nodded yes.

Emma took my dick in her mouth. With her hair in a prim and proper French twist, there was no obstacle to what turned into a super raunchy face-fuck. As she bobbed back and forth, letting my cock hit the back of her velvety throat, Emma impressed me with not only her lack of gag reflex, but also her uninhibited enthusiasm for her work.

It was all I could do to hold on to her—and the safety railing—with my white-knuckled grip. Try as I might not to come, my attempted resistance seemed to fuel her determination to drive me crazy.

Before long, I gasped, "Oh God, Emma. Fuck, I'm gonna come!"

Unmoved by my desperate exclamation, she continued, and I soon felt my hot spunk release inside her mouth.

While I caught my breath, she set about fixing her makeup in the mirror.

"Don't go yet, Emma," I told her. "You

haven't had your turn."

"Next time." She blotted her lipstick and blew me a kiss. "See you around."

I felt extremely blessed—and cursed. I was the luckiest man in the world, but I was also overwhelmed by desire like I'd never known before. But I guess if you have to make decisions at 30,000 feet every day, a blowjob at sea level doesn't seem so heavy.

Happily, though, I didn't have to wait long for our next encounter. By the weekend, I was flying home to Florida, and there she was again—this time at the gate when I got off the plane.

Without letting on a thing, she chirped cheerfully, "Welcome to Orlando."

"It's always a pleasure," I said, unable to hide my smirk.

Emma winked as I passed her by.

I texted her on my way to baggage claim, and she texted back to say she'd meet me in an hour. I decided to use that time productively and ducked into a lingerie shop to buy her something special.

We met up at a jazz club not far from the airport, and in the privacy of our dimly lit booth, I slid a pink gift-wrapped package across the table.

She tore open the wrapping paper to reveal a red lace and pearl thong. Emma said, "Isn't this a marvel."

I leaned forward, running a finger along the pearls adorning her neck as I said, "I figured you could use another strand."

Emma grinned and said, "Excuse me for a minute."

She tucked the pearl thong discreetly in her purse and headed for the ladies' room.

When she returned, I asked her, "How does it feel?"

"It feels like we should get the check and go," she told me.

Back at my place, I couldn't keep my hands off her. But Emma had a very specific plan.

"You sit in that chair and just watch for now—and remember, you brought this all on yourself with your clever gift."

"Yes, I did, and I couldn't be happier right now."

"We'll see how happy you are when your rock-hard dick bores a hole straight through your pants," she joked.

Then Emma began a slow, delicious striptease, first removing her blouse and bra. The sultry stunner licked and tugged at her own nipples, then she smothered my face between her pillowy mounds. The scent of her perfume drove me wild, but as I reached for her lush body, she admonished, "No touching—yet."

I sighed as she backed away again and unzipped her skirt. As the formfitting garment slid to the floor, I finally caught sight of my gift.

Emma stood before me in only her heels, nude thigh-highs and the thong, which left little to the imagination. Red lace straps wrapped around her shapely hips, and a strand of white pearls adorned her pink pussy lips and the crack of her heart-shaped ass.

She got on the couch and wagged her shapely behind at me.

"I love this," Emma said, glancing over her shoulder at her rear. "Now I have a proper double strand." She played with her necklace and winked at me.

My dick throbbed at the sight of her. She was seriously stunning.

Emma loved watching me squirm. To torment me further, she turned around, spread her legs wide and played with the pearly strand, rolling it over her clit and smooth labia.

My dick was so hard it felt ready to explode. She motioned me over, and I dove between her thighs.

It was such an exquisite visual, seeing the way her pussy juices polished the pearls. I ran my tongue along the faux gems, and Emma assured me the sensation of the beads caressing her was divinely decadent.

I had her turn around again, so I could eat her pussy from behind. I tugged that strand as far up her soaked crack as possible as I lapped at her.

Hanging on to the arm of the couch, Emma moaned as I pressed the pearls against her clit, fingered her pussy and tickled her asshole with my tongue. I didn't intend to let her come quickly.

"Do you like your present?" I asked, giving her bottom a playful swat.

"Oh yes!" Emma sighed.

"You want more?"

"You know I do. Fuck me, Jim!"

I wasn't going to let her down and tore open my pants. Moving the pearls aside, I jammed my dick into her doggy-style, diving balls-deep into her slippery pussy and reaching around to play with her tits.

Emma rubbed her clit as I picked up the pace, fucking her with increasing intensity. As aroused as I was, my orgasm still seemed to be looming in the distance. I felt like I could go all night.

Then she uttered the most amazing words: "I want you in my ass."

I nearly exploded then and there. But my resolve to please her kept me from going over the edge—just barely. I pulled out of her snatch, and Emma slipped out of the pearl panties, while I fetched some lube to ease our ride.

I let my tongue graze her asshole, just to get another taste of her before I slathered her with lube. Then I impaled that delectable rosebud, while she sighed and moaned and shook. As I fucked her ass, Emma slid two fingers inside her cunt, which I swear I felt against my cock when it was embedded in her rear. It wasn't long before my insatiable girl succumbed to her orgasm. She climaxed, and her rear hole spasmed around my thrusting dick. As her muscles clamped around me, I came, too—reveling in the sensation of her milking me dry.

Shortly after that encounter, certain world events made our air travel hookups temporarily unfeasible. But happily, I'm back in action these days—and so is Emma. She sent me an upskirt photo from the ladies' room of an airport in Texas, which showed the pearl thong nestled against her pretty pussy, along with the text: "Wanna tango in Paris? I'm there next Friday."

Without a doubt, Emma has been my most unforgettable lay.

—J. Kilpatrick

If you're a sexual adventurer, we'd like to hear from you. It's a great way to make your erotic experience live on forever. Mail your story to Penthouse, Department S, 28328 Witherspoon Parkway, Valencia, CA 91355, or email it to letters@penthouse.com.

EROTIC FICTION

APPROVED

PENTHOUSE FORUM

SUMMER ENDS WITH A BANG FOR A PAIR OF RED-HOT LOVERS

WAVING HELLO

THE nearby beach town was the default vacation destination for folks in the city where I lived. As the last sultry days came on, people had mostly taken their "serious" vacations, if they could afford them at all. The beachside town was cheap and fun, and the last chance to get your summer on.

I drove there alone, needing one final weekend of debauchery before summer's end. A lot of college kids had the same idea, and the quaint little burg was full of young lovelies.

I spent the afternoon on a restaurant's outdoor patio, drinking beer and watching bikini-covered butts bounce up and down the sand.

Two years ago, I'd vacationed there with Sabrina. We'd spent the second half of that summer in a torrid relationship, doing everything together. I'd been stuck on her, but she suddenly bailed, citing issues that had nothing to do with me—or so she'd claimed.

I let her go with all the gentlemanly poise I could muster. Two years later she was just a good, warm memory. But something inside me refused to let her go completely.

Still, as I nursed my brew, I fingered the locket around my neck. She'd given it to me as a parting gift. It was engraved with my name and had her picture inside. Kind of a weird thing to give a guy, but I liked it nonetheless and wore it a lot. Especially when I couldn't get her out of my head.

As evening came on, I returned to the motel, an inexpensive place with a pool and lots of folks looking for a good time. I fell in with them, and we all splashed around in the water. Couples paired off, but I was tired from the drive and muzzy from the beer. I went to my room alone, feeling happy and loose.

But in the morning I realized in a panic that my locket was gone. I tossed the entire room. Then I searched around the pool. The locket was a treasured keepsake; I was weirdly attached to it. Finally, I went to the motel's desk and described my lost item. And wonder of wonders, the guy there fished around in a box and then held it out to me. My locket!

> **"Lust-hungry Corrina started riding me. Her movements were forceful but graceful."**

I thanked him profusely. A path led out to the beach, and I followed it, my memento swinging from the chain clutched in my hand. Sabrina had told me the locket had been in her family for generations.

I stood by the water and went to ceremoniously put it around my neck once more. But something made me hesitate. I peered closely at it. Same design. But there seemed to be a different pattern of wear on the metal.

Snapping it open, though, I found Sabrina's picture. But I also found—incredibly—a different name engraved there! This locket belonged to someone named Corrina.

I stood there stunned. I couldn't fathom what the hell was going on.

"Here's a weird question," said a voice behind me. "Did you know Sabrina?"

Like the moment wasn't surreal enough. Numbly, I turned around and saw an attractive woman. A chain hung from her outstretched finger, and at its end swung something that looked suspiciously like...well...a locket. My locket.

"I take it you're Corrina," I said.

"Yep." She gazed intensely at my locket, like it was confirming something for her. "So, you're Emil."

I dimly recalled Corrina had been around the pool the previous night.

"What's going on?" I asked.

Corrina explained she'd misplaced her own locket and went frantically looking for it that morning, finding it—she thought—by the pool. But when she opened it up, she saw someone else's name. Baffled, she went to the front desk and found out another locket had been turned in, and that it had been claimed just a few minutes earlier.

"The guy pointed me after you."

I was still shocked. But I was also aware of how beautiful Corrina was. I asked, "How long were you two together?"

"Six weeks."

"Same here. Must be her MO. She tell you the locket was a family heirloom?"

"Yeah." She shook her head, but not bitterly. "She must use the lockets to manufacture tidy breakups. Well, Emil. Ain't we a pair?"

We decided to spend the day hanging out. When it was beer o'clock in the afternoon, we each had a brew. Then I asked, "You and Sabrina, huh? You only into women?"

"Hell no. Why limit myself?" She reached across the table and took my hand as she said, "I'm in the mood for revenge. How about you?"

Hand in hand, we hurried back to the motel. The heat of the day was on us, and the heat between us was just as fierce.

Once inside her room, we fell into each other's arms. She kissed without any preliminaries, pasting her mouth over mine and thrusting her tongue forcefully. I kissed her back just as furiously, and we quickly stripped each other.

She was gorgeous with erect nipples and a pussy slick with ready wetness. My cock stood like a steel bar, and we tumbled onto the bed.

Her skin was like satin. I wanted to touch and lick every inch of it. She reached around to shamelessly grope my ass, sinking her fingers into my flesh. I cupped her full, high tits. When I played with her nips, she said, "Pinch them!" I tweaked them repeatedly, and the harder I did it, the louder she moaned.

Corrina put her hand between us and closed her fist over my cock. Immediately, she started pumping it at a perfect rhythm.

In a strange way, it turned me on some that we'd shared a lover. It gave us a real solidarity.

I stroked Corrina's pussy with two fingers. She groaned happily. I delved inside, slipping in up to the first knuckles, then the second. I wriggled my fingers, and she ground her hips. Her clit pulsed like a beacon, and I caressed it. Her hips were bucking wildly, and she held on to my cock like it was a safety line, while she gasped her way through what felt like a powerful climax.

Grinning, she said, "Well, that calls for a treat for you." She shifted around and settled into the cradle of my outspread legs. One of her hands held my balls, and I soon felt warm breath on my swollen cockhead. Her tongue flickered over my rounded knob, and I shivered with pleasure. When she closed her lips around my crown, it was my turn to gasp.

She sucked me fearlessly all the way down. Her head bobbed madly, her tongue flashing along my shaft the whole time. Her lips stayed sealed around my staff, and the suction was awesome.

I was about 90 seconds from shooting my load when I somehow found the will to ease her off me. Panting, she lay back and I moved in. Her soft thighs bracketed my shoulders, and I licked my way up and down her slick groove before finally probing inside her.

She tasted delicious. I ate her hard, going after her clitoris once more. This time the contact was so immediate, so intimate. I felt the nub throb, felt her fingers wind into my hair, felt her hips going wild.

With a cry she poured her pussy juice into my eager mouth. When I came up for air, she said, "You give head like a girl, and that's a compliment."

"I let out a cry and felt Corrina climactically quake with me as my spunk erupted."

I'd taken it as such. No doubt Sabrina had eaten her pussy, too. But Sabrina was feeling more and more unreal to me, like a misted memory turned distant dream. Corrina had eclipsed her and was rapidly blotting her almost entirely out of my past. I hoped I was doing the same thing for her.

"I need to get up on you!" Corrina insisted. I lay back and watched her deftly climb up on me, seizing my cock and lowering herself quickly onto my spike.

The wet grasp of her snatch sent a jolt through me. Pleasure crawled over every part of me. I'd vaguely hoped to get laid that weekend, but I'd never imagined something that delightfully intense.

Lust-hungry Corrina started riding me. Her movements were forceful but graceful. I noted the easy flex of her knees, the hard plunges of her hips. She planted her palms on my chest and bucked up and down, wriggling a little from side to side as she moved.

I thrust up into her, spearing her to her core. I wanted to bring her every iota of pleasure possible.

My wish was rewarded. Amazed, I watched yet another fierce climax take possession of her. It crackled over her flesh like some stellar energy. Her pussy tightened on my cock as her whole body went taut.

When she went limp, I eased her over onto her back, then I began sensuously stroking my dick in and out of her.

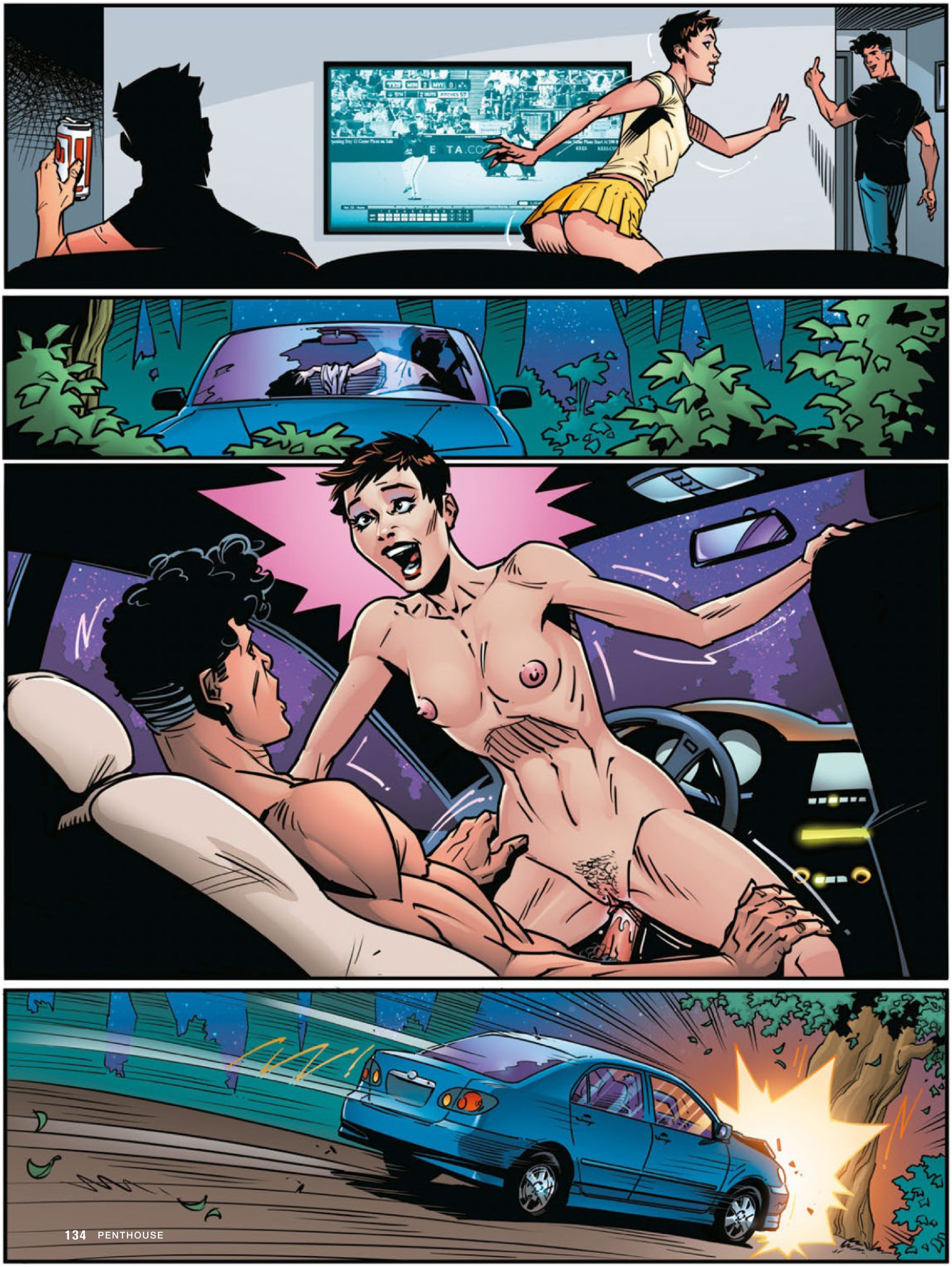
It was a joy to observe her excitement reawakening. She purred with renewed arousal. I fucked her harder, and the results were what I'd hoped. Soon she was writhing under me with her fingers digging into my shoulders.

The pleasure intensified, and I was soon going over the edge. I let out a cry and felt Corrina climactically quake with me as my spunk erupted. It was a fantastically powerful orgasm, and the afterglow was as warm as sunbaked sand.

We decided to spend the rest of the weekend together before heading back to the city, where we planned to see each other some more. Before we left the beach town, though, we took our lockets to the shore and tossed them in the water, laughing as they disappeared into the waves.

—E.L., via email

The encounter you've always dreamed about could happen at any time. When it does, jump on it! And after you've taken the leap, tell us all about it! Mail your sexy story to Penthouse, Department S, 28328 Witherspoon Parkway, Valencia CA 91355, or email it to letters@penthouse.com.



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REJECT

PENTHOUSE FORUM

THE DEPARTMENT THAT SHOWCASES THE BEST OF THE WORST LETTERS SENT TO PENTHOUSE FORUM

A LOUSY BRAKE

WHY was a guy like me, who was staring 30 in the face, fucking in a car like a horny teenager? Let me back up a bit and fill you in. At work, I was on the cusp of getting a high-paying position. But while I continued to pay my dues, I still shared a place with my buddy Rich.

I'd been celibate for months. But Rich, on the other hand, had no shortage of hotties. He was always parading a girl through our pad, and one chick in particular really got my motor running.

Normally, I'm into big-boobed blondes, so I was surprised when tiny and toned Cherie caught my eye. She wore her brunette hair in an adorable pixie cut, and she had a penchant for tight, skimpy tops. If I had to guess, I'd say she fell way short of an A cup. But her itty-bitty titties—with their perpetually erect nipples poking through her thin tanks—made my mouth water.

I've long been a firm believer in the Bro Code and never planned to make a play for my pal's girl. But whenever Rich was otherwise occupied, Cherie flashed me smoldering looks, which left me with a massive erection—and one hell of a conundrum. I wanted to do the right thing, but my cock was making a convincing argument for some very inappropriate behavior.

One night, Cherie was over while we had a baseball game on TV. Rich was busy tossing back brews and yelling at the umpires. But while he drunkenly cheered for the onscreen baserunners, I was fantasizing about scoring with Cherie.

She was sitting between us on the couch, and she touched my thigh every time she'd get up from her seat. But my roommate didn't give us a second glance.

I tried to act nonchalant, sipping a soda and holding a throw pillow over my lap to disguise my big league boner. But when Rich asked his girl to fetch him another brew around the fifth inning, Cherie had to break the bad news: We were all out.

"I'll make a beer run," I told him. "Gimme your car keys."

Besides, I needed to a break from the temptation that was Cherie.

"You're the man," Rich said, tossing me his keys. But a split second later, Cherie chirped, "I'll come with!"

And that's how Cherie and I wound up in Rich's car. But I pulled into a desolate park along the way to the store after she purred, "I've been hoping to get you alone."

I'm not proud to admit it, but I gave in without hesitation. I parked Rich's Mustang on an incline, amid a copse of leafy trees. We were pretty well concealed, and Cherie immediately kicked our quickie into high gear.

That little minx whipped off her top, slipped out of her pleated micro miniskirt and tore open my jeans. She rhythmically stroked my shaft as she looked me in the eyes and said, "I wanna go for a ride."

I reclined the seat, and she hopped in the saddle, impaling her delectable pussy on my spike. Her cunt was drenched, and I groaned as she took every last inch of me into her slippery snatch.

I leaned forward to have at her sweet tits. As always, her nips were erect, like nubby pencil erasers. One at a time, I sucked them between my lips, flicking at the pink points with my tongue and enjoying her squeals. She shimmied and squirmed in my lap, and her velvety cunt clenched my cock as her overflowing juices soaked my balls.

Cherie pushed me back, forcing my suckling lips to part from her nip with a pop. She braced her small hands on my chest and began pistoning on my pole. That sexy spitfire rocketed up and down my rod, and our moans, groans and grunts were interspersed with a litany of lusty talk.

Insatiable Cherie reached down and fingered her clit as she continued to buck and fuck. When she climaxed, her pussy spasmed around my shaft, and she nearly took me over the edge with her. Panting and flailing, she picked up the pace and fucked me for all she was worth.

My head was spinning, and I felt as if I was lurching backwards—then I realized I was! Cherie must've somehow knocked the parking brake free. The car was on the move and picking up speed—until we hit a tree.

Rich never asked why we were in the park, but I think he knew. He was also pretty pissed about the car. He moved out the very next month. At least I got that promotion. Now I have plenty of cash to pay the rent on my own—and spoil my new girlfriend Cherie!

—J.D., Billings, Mont.

FLASHBACK

HENRY LEE LUCAS INTERVIEW

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